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THE SPHERE, MAY 22, 1937
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIX No. 1948 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 22 1937

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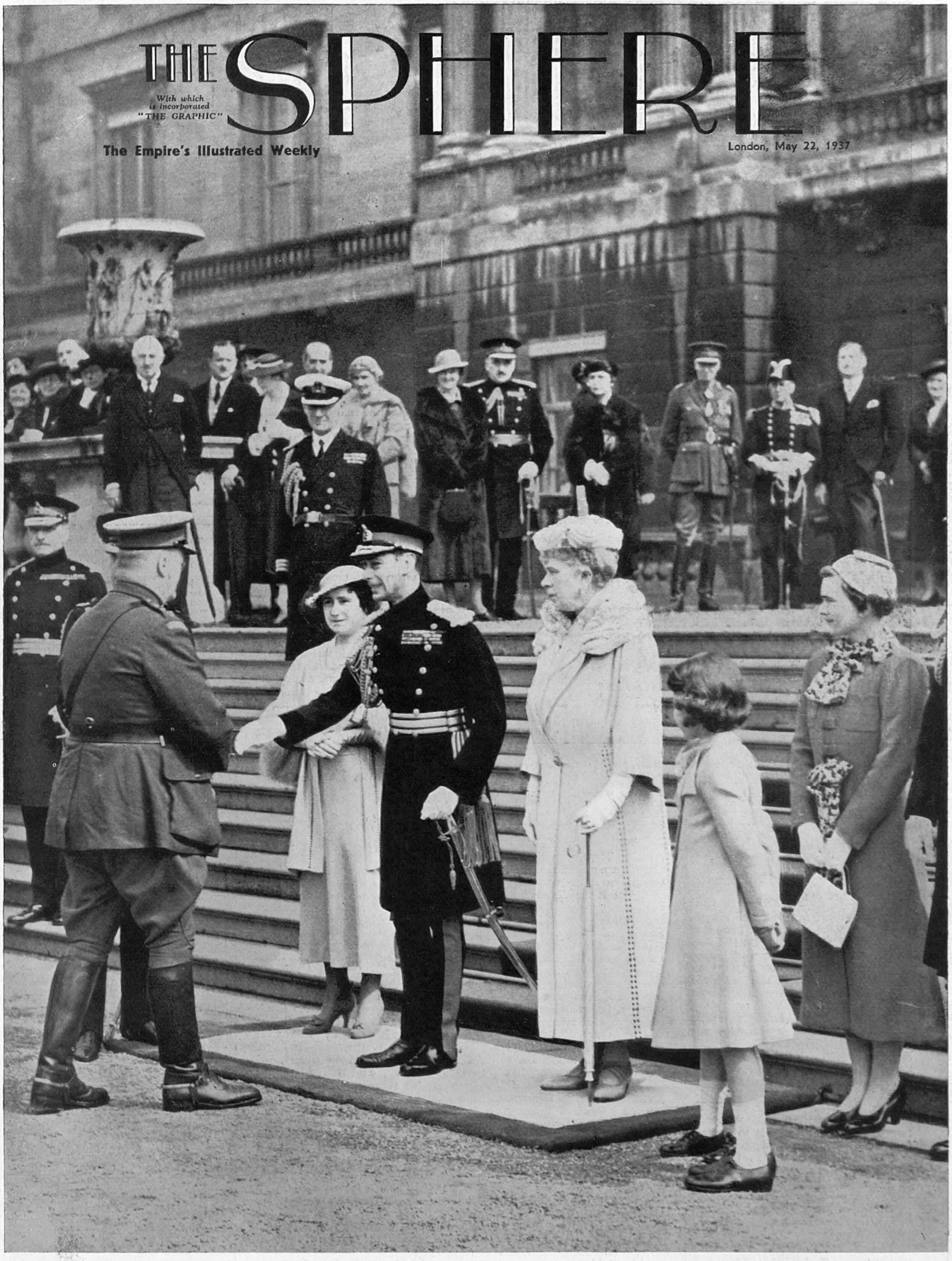
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, May 22, 1937



The King Honours Empire Troops

His Majesty Greeting One of the 1,200 Men who Received Coronation Commemorative Medals at the Buckingham Palace Parade

One of many outstanding events in a week so crowded with pageantry and ceremonial that it was difficult to keep pace with it all, was the parade in the grounds of Buckingham Palace on Friday, May 14, when the King, assisted by the Queen, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duke of Kent, distributed medals to all the 1,200 members of the Imperial forces representing the Empire overseas at the Coronation. These bronzed men from the far corners of the earth presented a brilliant and wonderfully contrasting spectacle, Indians, Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians, South Africans, and Rhodesians, each in their distinctive uniforms contributing something to the gay, kaleidoscopic scene that must have recalled to many present those days of two decades gone by when the Empire was united in a common struggle and its peoples rallied as never before to the aid of the mother country. Each soldier at the parade received his medal from the hands of a member of the Royal Family, and after it was all over the troops marched past the King to music from a band of the Guards. Their return to Wellington Barracks, via the Mall, Horse Guards Parade, and Birdcage Walk, was watched by an enormous, cheering crowd *(see also* picture on pages 410–11)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY—MAGNET OF THE SIGHTSEERS: Crowds walking through the Coronation "Theatre" last Saturday, the first day on which the public were admitted to see the Abbey in its Coronation setting. By 2 o'clock about 2,700 people had paid the fee of 10s. charged for admission, while the total for the day was 3,893. On Whit Monday, when the charge was reduced to one shilling, the crowd was over five times as large, and the grand total of takings had swollen by then to nearly £3,000, a portion of which is being allocated to charities

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4.
Wednesday, May 19, 1937.

THE AFTERGLOW.—The Coronation is over. A memory of jewelled magnificence, a gigantic diamond for the chaplet of English history. So many millions of words have been poured out in describing it from every angle that at this juncture I should achieve bathos by attempting to compete. Better perhaps for me to look ahead rather than to look back. There need be no reaction yet awhile, no "morning-after" feeling of staleness. If some of the "captains and the kings" (or princes) have already departed, and some of the lovely decorations of necessity come down to expedite the tortoise of London traffic, the fun is not over by any means. The high spots of the most brilliant London Season in memory are yet to come in full measure. The Venusberg music will thrill and soar above the sober pilgrims' march for weeks and months to come. It is jam yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, sweet and richly coloured as expensive "little-scarlets" can be. We shall enjoy "the mixture as before" in the Press and on the radio until, at the end of July, our hard-worked royalties escape to the (comparative) seclusion of Dee-side. . . . Meanwhile, the world, which is in labour, demands an attention and, so far as our carnival distractions allow, we must return to the problems and perplexities which beset ordinary men and women on the earth's face. Perhaps we appear in the eyes of less favoured nations to enjoy too much jam. I shall touch on but one or two less-stressed memories of the great day.

IN RETROSPECT.—Colour fades and splendours are in time forgotten. The Coronation of George V is already a memory too dim to evoke any clear description—and was so, before the colour of it was dimmed by another of surpassing glory. The things that will remain longest in fact and in memory are not of colours or glitter. First, I think, stands that solid, comforting, immense fact that a vast Empire, almost to a man, personally witnessed, endorsed, approved, and must testify to, the solemn consecration of an Empire to unity, fellowship, and peace under a sovereign and symbol presented to it, and by it unanimously and unequivocally approved and accepted. In the troubles and differences of race and creed that may lie ahead, there is no going back from that "testimony given on oath." It stands. It is on the statute book of our national honour. Whatever be the ways and politics of other nations, whatever government be in power in our own, we stand by our ancient constitution under democratic sovereignty. We maintain our symbol of unity and Empire against the world and set its full value on the resplendent tradition that invests our Coronation ceremony. Let us no longer deny that British statesmanship is sometimes far-sighted and shrewd. Long, too, must remain vivid that memory of a nation's sense of order and good humour. Thousands on thousands endured as much of fatigue and discomfort as men endured in the trenches of Flanders. Ten thousand of them indeed "passed through the clearing station." But neither difficulties of transport, rigours of weather and waiting, nor any other hardship which vast crowding brings, could affect the patience, patriotism, good-fellowship, cheerfulness, and courage of our race. With people of such a temper it were impertinence to speak of hardships. Remains, also, the sense of pride in organisation so perfect, so meticulous, so incredible. Within and without the Abbey, every movement, every precaution, had been foreseen and rehearsed, until a nation went every man to his station drilled as a guardsman, word perfect as a finished actor . . .

IN THE COUNTRYSIDE.—If a word of pity may be allowed, it is to be bestowed on country folk in certain parts who remained in their own place on the great day and had planned and pinched to celebrate worthily. The rain was pitiless, the sports were washed out; the bonfires would not burn, and only under roofs could the organisers and villagers reap the reward of hard work and patient waiting. And it cannot be said that the Coronation film or such part of it as was available after censorship by Thursday afternoon repaid the weary hours of waiting for it through "quota" films of a kind we know only too well. Yet even here pity is out of place. They were rustic moralists (or philosophers) to a mite in our village. Indeed, the Italian Press accounts of our great day suffered from certain faults of exaggeration—due perhaps to an inverted form of officially directed enthusiasm. The description of the series of brawls, insults, disasters, murder, and sudden death which filled the day in London and elsewhere suggests that the wish was father to the thought, and it clearly derived its colour from tales of old Madrid supplied by returned legionaries from the Spanish front. It is odd that a sense of humour cannot live under a dictatorship.

A FINE DEMOCRATIC LIST.—No doubt at all, a Coronation Honours list of double the usual size is fit and proper on this great occasion. While it remains the still accepted method of recognising merit in a "great democracy," there is little ground for cavilling at any of the names singled out for distinction. Apart from the distinctions conferred by the Sovereign on the Royal family and entourage, which are appropriate to the occasion, an admirable impartiality and catholicity in the bestowal of titles and honours have been maintained. Among the eleven new peers (almost all of whom have sons to succeed to their titles) Socialist and Liberal are found side by side with Conservative. Politics, business, public affairs, the Navy, and the Press are all represented. Sir Robert Horne and Sir Herbert Samuel become Viscounts. The latter reaffirmed his unalterable opinion (which I am bound to admit I share) of the unsuitability of the hereditary system in the government of a modern democracy. He has bowed down in the House of Rimmon that his long political experience may not be lost to the country. Mr. Addison, Sir John Cadman, and Sir Ernle Chatfield are among the Barons. So, too, is Mr. Elias, the Chairman of Odham's Press which has a large interest in that fine paper, the *Daily Herald*, (and in many other fine journals). And as one's eyes dropped down the endless columns, they noted that every class and creed and every walk of life was represented and singled out for distinction on an occasion of national rejoicing—the doctor, the artist, the teacher, the cricketer, the nurse, the seaman, the telephonists, the domestic servant, the actress, the policeman. Yes, and the bus-driver (though his bus be laid aside). Yes, and the quill-driver whose pen is never laid aside till his fingers stiffen in death. Ribbons for the ribbon-mad, without distinction of class and creed; without political bias. One might almost declare that merit has been nowhere missed.

IMPERIAL CONFERENCE.—The importance of the Imperial Conference now in session at St. James's Palace cannot be overstressed. Potentially its decisions may greatly benefit civilisation. For such a Conference a religious service of preparation and consecration could not be out of place, and in a sense that service was the Coronation ceremonies in the Abbey. The Empire shared in the rites and the rejoicings of the King's crowning to an extent never before contemplated, and has now passed on from symbolism and pageantry to hard economic facts and vital political problems. How far behind lies the notion of "England and her Colonies!" The chief unit in Civilisation is one and indivisible—the British Commonwealth of free and equal nations. The hopes of suffering humanity do not lie in armaments. If first on the agenda stands the dreadful necessity for Empire Defence, our dreams of fruition from the Imperial deliberations envisage progress along the nobler path to peace. Next to defence stands the problem of Empire trade and how best to foster and facilitate it within the Empire. But wise decisions on the

THE PASSING OF THE "IRON CHANCELLOR": Viscount Snowden of Ickornshaw, pioneer of the Labour Party in England and first Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer, who died last Saturday at the age of 72. Despite the bitterness which marked many of his public utterances and which was no doubt due in large measure to the physical suffering he had to endure, he was a universally respected figure, his financial ability and immense sincerity being recognised by all parties. His greatest personal triumph was at The Hague Reparations Conference in 1929, when he let the world know in uncertain terms that Britain was not prepared to make any more war debt sacrifices purely for the financial benefit of the other allied nations. [illegible] note by "The Old Stager" at foot of next p

THE OFFICIAL CORONATION GROUP taken at Buckingham Palace after the Royal Family's return from Westminster Abbey on May 12. The King is wearing the Imperial State Crown—with the famous Black Prince's ruby—which he donned for his drive through the streets and for his first appearances on the Palace balcony. He was crowned, however, with the older but less richly-adorned Crown of St. Edward. On the right of the group is the Queen of Norway, His Majesty's aunt

great question also are not the limit of our hopes. We dream that the agenda, bristling with important problems of defence and Empire trade, may not be confined to these questions; that time may at last be found for examining an even wider field. On the borders of one of our great Dominions lies an immeasurably great nation, which speaks our tongue, shares our views of freedom and democracy, and has inherited many of our traditions. The dream of a real and potent understanding between the great English-speaking nations is never far from the minds of practical idealists. In such a partnership alone, it seems to us, lies the possibility of the ultimate smashing of the economic barriers which so long have separated nation from nation and penned bitterness and suspicion and ignorance within frontiers. Where Canada has led the way, the Empire can follow. The idea which Canada has put into practice, the Empire can surely develop and it is our trembling hope that from this Conference may be sown the seed of world peace in the only ground in which it can grow—the economic field on which the lives of humanity depend for sustenance. It is our hope at least that before the Conference disperses, one voice speaking in the English tongue shall declare for sanity and unselfishness, for vision and fellowship, shall unequivocally declare for peace.

HOME OF THE HOLLANDS.

—Lord Ilchester is very modest. No one to-day expresses surprise when the twentieth biography of Charles II or the tenth of Rupert of the Rhine makes its appearance. Every biography or history is after all but an essay—another contribution to, another attempt to get at, the truth. There is no need to justify the publication of a second history of Holland House on the ground that in 1873 Princess Liechtenstein (born a Fox) published the fruits of researches in the archive room at Holland House. As Lord Ilchester says it is only in our own day that scientific method has been employed in the arrangement and elucidation of private papers and, as I am well aware, he himself has put in years of patient work among the highly interesting and important MSS. stored in his historic home. If an individual—be he as great as Napoleon or Shakespeare—is worthy of a biography, can it be denied that the cradle of a score of famous men and women on the pages or the margins of history is worthy also? The point needs no labouring. Holland House, last survivor among its peers of the private palaces of London (and sharing with Bridgwater and Londonderry Houses the distinction of having survived the virtual extermination of the private palaces of London of any period of architecture) is well worthy of another, authoritative "biography." For Cope Castle, Kensington House, Holland House (as it has at different times been named) bulks large in English history and immensely large in our social and political history, and has in the last three centuries sheltered or cradled some of the giants in our Island story, and offered hospitality to hundreds of men and women who have crossed its pages or made their marks in its margins.

A PAGEANT OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

— Here Addison died, calling for his scapegrace stepson, Lord Warwick, to "see in what peace a Christian can die." Here George the Third as a young man pursued a hopeless love for sweet Sarah Lennox, the ill-fated mother of heroes; here Charles Fox passed some of his early years, the victim of an insane experiment in education; and here in the reign of the formidable Elizabeth Lady Holland—"Old Madagascar"—Byron poured out his petulance, Macaulay thundered, and most of the famous Whigs and wits of the Reform Bill era argued and scintillated round its hospitable breakfast- and dinner-tables. If its mirrors could retain the reflections that they have held during 300 years, there would be a national portrait gallery in London's own Manor House. And, without this miracle, Holland House can claim to be a no insignificant rival to the N.P.G. and the Record Office, and a document of social history with which perhaps Hatfield and Knole alone are comparable. No doubt such a history of a famous house as Lord Ilchester has given us must be in some sort a "patchwork" (as he admits), since scores of the individuals who pass through his pages have been deemed worthy to be the subjects of hundreds of books. The charm of his story is predestined and constantly in evidence; its importance lies in the meticulous care he has clearly taken to verify his authorities, to correct earlier errors and vulgar beliefs and corruptions of the truth, and in the weight of new material of considerable importance—among which a series of new Byron letters—of the Caroline Lamb episode—must be singled out. It is unfortunate that the public which appreciates this type of book has not increased with the vast increase in the reading public. Thirty years back this book would have taken London by storm. The "little candle" of a good book's life to-day is a precarious flame. It is perhaps unfortunate that the Coronation (blotting out all else of current interest) came in between the first reviews and the digestion of those reviews by the reading public. But perhaps it will make no odds. The cognoscenti will not forget to read it—alas, they are fewer than they were! It is written for them in the main. For without an intimate knowledge of the period, these annals of Holland House, in the form in which Lord Ilchester writes, are difficult reading. His "patchwork" is *petit point* with meticulous and elaborate tendrils for ever twisting away from the main stem, as such a story of a great house must. It is an armchair hunt with a breast-high scent and leads one across the country of almost every great family in England and of many on the Continent. Given the ground work of knowledge, the chapters on the Richmonds and the Foxes in particular are good hunting indeed.

LORD SNOWDEN.

— Lord Snowden's was a remarkable career. The son of a Yorkshire weaver, he came of typically hard-headed, independent, upright folk. He found time to increase his store of knowledge while working for entry into the civil service, Excise Department. He won his way in and then a bicycle accident ruined his health and turned his thoughts to Socialism and opened for him the larger career which his indomitable courage and tenacity, high ideals and great ability achieved. In Opposition he was a fierce antagonist worthy even of Mr. Churchill's steel. He was a bitter critic, with knowledge behind him. He showed his own mettle twice in the arduous office of Chancellor. He had an historic triumph at The Hague in 1929 where he defended British honour and policy in the matter of war debts. He showed himself a prophet and the bravest of the brave when in 1931 he warned his Government and the country of the coming financial crisis. In spite of very bad health, he carried his Budget through that year. Snowden's domestic life was very happy and he was a man of many friends. He lived in a corner of Surrey famous for its association with notable politicians of the "Left". Within a stone's throw lived Mr. Lloyd George and, a little farther afield, Lord Ponsonby, Lord Marley, and Lord Passfield. For forty years he fought in the House of Commons for his principles—sane Socialism and free trade, and it was the latter of these principles which brought his career to an end—in 1932.

THE OLD STAGER.

RAIN-MARRED PAGEANTRY: In accordance with the custom by which English monarchs have specially honoured the City of London in the year of their Coronation the King and Queen drove last Wednesday from Buckingham Palace to Guildhall to take luncheon with the Lord Mayor; and the Royal car is seen here as it passed the Griffin monument (marking the site of Temple Bar). Owing to the rain there was no halt at this point for the surrendering of the civic sword to the King

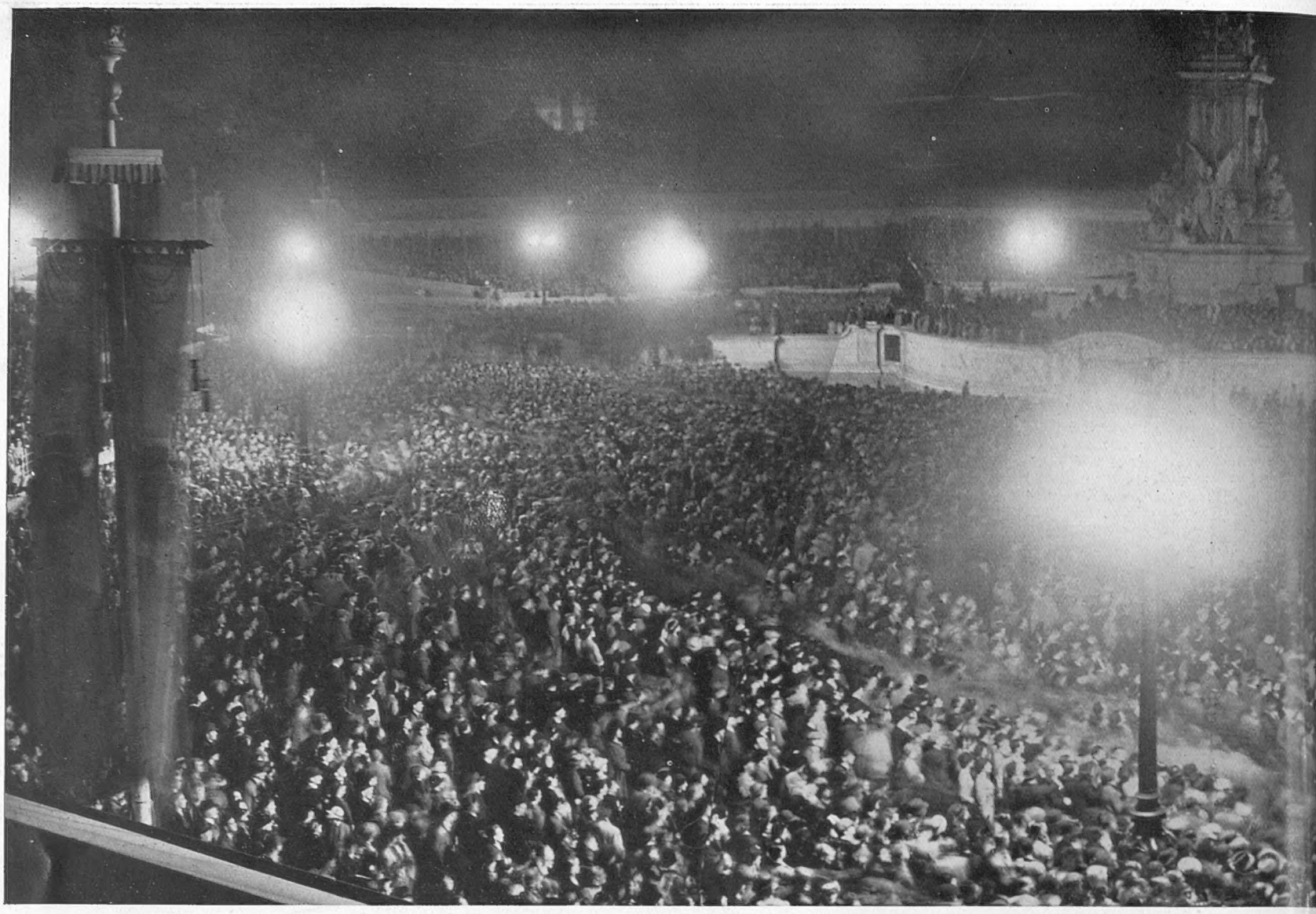
THROUGH HISTORIC CHEAPSIDE: The King's car heading the procession as it passed through the troop-lined thoroughfare gay with Coronation decorations and thronged with citizens who braved the rain. *On left*—The cars on Ludgate Hill

MID CIVIC POMP: Her Majesty the Queen pictured on arrival at Guildhall; a striking figure in a coat of gold lamé

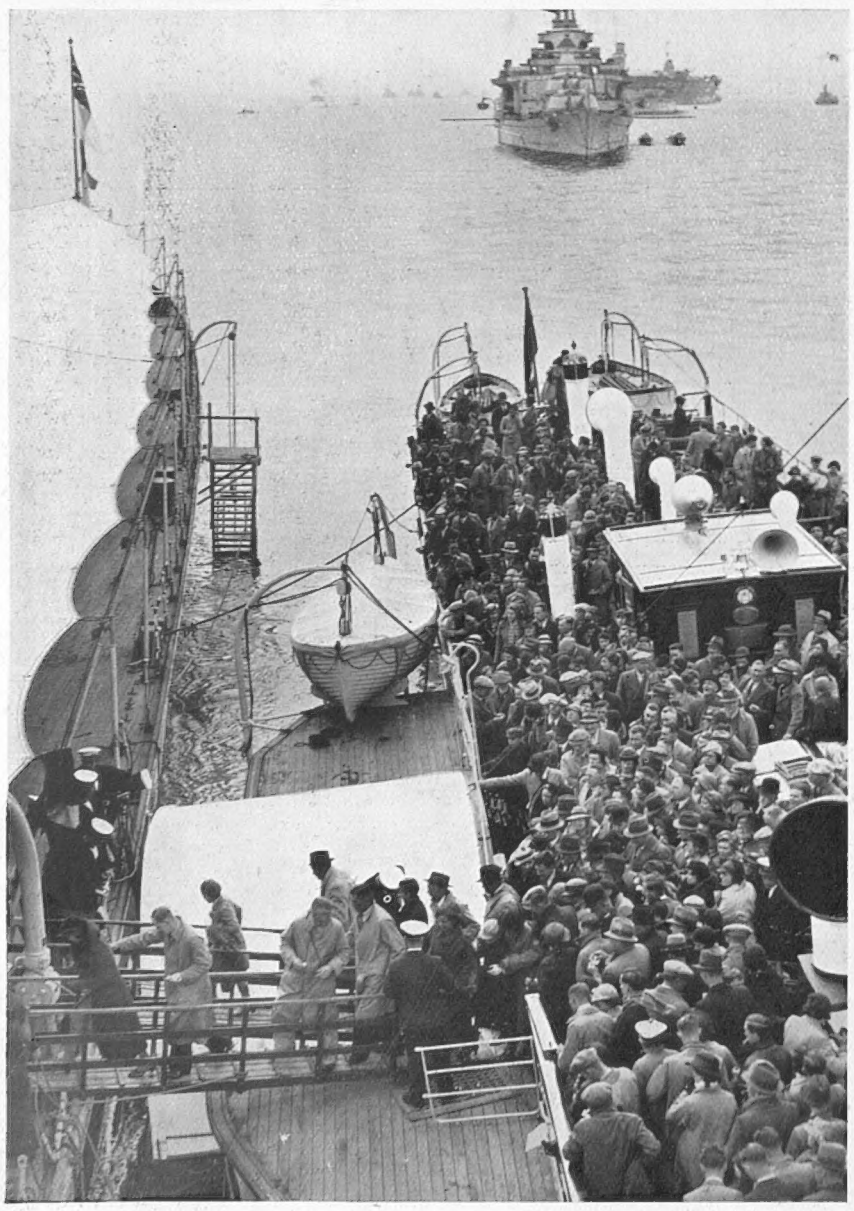
The ROYAL VISIT to THE CITY

The King and Queen Drive Through Thronged Streets to the Guildhall

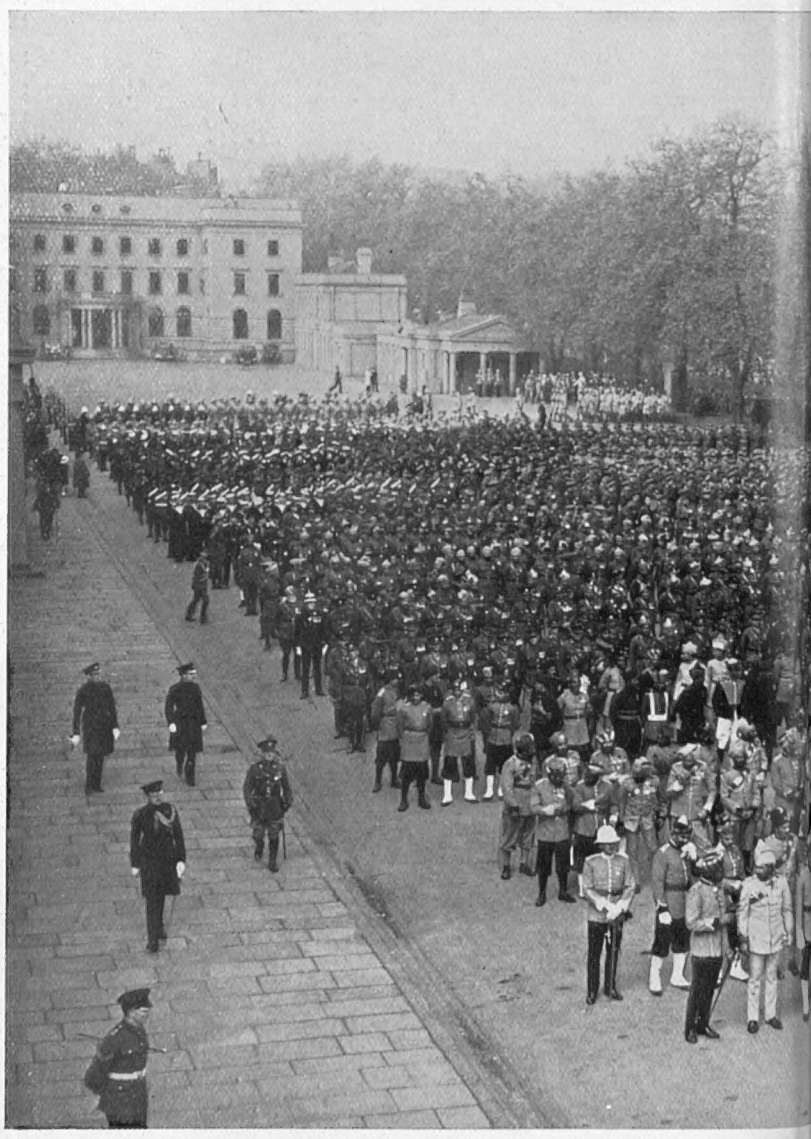
On right—A FLEETING GLIMPSE: The crowds which had waited so patiently did not get a very good view of the King and Queen, the rain having upset all calculations and made it necessary for the cancellation of the State landau, drawn by the Windsor greys, in which it was originally planned that they should make their drive.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE—CENTRAL POINT OF THE WEEK OF REJOICING: From late on the afternoon of Coronation day, when the King and Queen returned from Westminster Abbey, to midnight on Friday, when Their Majesties entertained 2,000 guests at a Court Ball, all eyes were on the royal residence, and this impression of the immense crowd that gathered outside the gates, thronging round the



BANK HOLIDAY WITH THE FLEET AT SPITHEAD: Sightseers boarding H.M.S. *Hood* from a Bournemouth paddle steamer on Whit-Monday when some of the principal British and foreign warships assembled ready for the Coronation Review on May 20 were open for inspection. The battleships of the foreign Powers included Russia's *Marat*, Sweden's *Drothning Victoria*, France's *Dunkerque*, and America's *New York*



A MEMORABLE DAY FOR THE DOMINION AND COLONIAL TROOPS: The 1,200 members of the Imperial Forces who represented the overseas Empire at the Coronation—men of all complexions in a brilliant diversity of uniforms—seen on the square at Wellington Barracks after last week's parade at Buckingham

Victoria Memorial, evidences in itself the feelings of affection and loyalty that the Coronation called forth. The King and Queen made numerous appearances on the floodlit balcony, being received with an enthusiasm that was wholly moving and almost unbelievable in its intensity. At nearly every appearance the crowd ended up by singing, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow"

Palace at which each was given a commemorative medal. The King, the Queen, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duke of Kent all took a share in the distribution, so that everyone in the parade received the medal individually from Royal hands. The distribution over, the troops marched past His Majesty

THERE WAS A RECORD PARADE OF 25,000 LEGIONARIES WITH 500 STANDARDS when the British Legion annual memorial service took place at the Cenotaph last Sunday, while thousands of Coronation sightseers swelled the congregation to a size as great as on any Armistice Day, joining heartily in the singing which was led by the Abbey choir. After the service was over the Earl of Athlone took the salute at a march past on Horse Guards Parade

THE DANISH ROYAL SILVER JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS: King Christian X of Denmark and Queen Alexandrine acknowledging the cheers of the crowds as they drove in an open carriage from the Amalienborg Palace to Our Lady's Church, Copenhagen, where a special thanksgiving service was held on the twenty-fifth anniversary of His Majesty's accession to the throne. There were three processions during the day, and from dawn to midnight the streets were packed with happily celebrating throngs. The culminating event was a torchlight parade

ACKNOWLEDGING THE OVATION: The Crown Prince of Denmark (nearest camera), the Crown Princess (formerly Princess Ingrid), Prince Knud (second son of the King), and his wife, Princess Caroline-Mathilde, driving through Copenhagen in one of the Jubilee processions

AT THE GERMAN EMBASSY RECEPTION, one of the big events of Coronation week, attended by more than 1,000 guests. The Duchess of Kent is seen seated next to Herr von Ribbentrop, the German Ambassador, while listening to the concert which formed a part of the evening's entertainment

On left—
TOP OF HER CLASS! One aspect of the Swedish student celebrations following the spring examinations in Stockholm. A girl raised aloft by colleagues outside a school

Will a Million Miners Go on Strike?

A Serious Situation Now Nearing its Climax in the British Coalfields

UNLESS something unforeseen in the shape of last-minute negotiations occurs, the miners of Great Britain, with the doubtful exception of those employed in the Nottinghamshire coalfield, will cease work on May 29. This grave decision, backed by a large majority strike vote of the miners who belong to the Miners' Federation, arises from what is known as the Harworth dispute. In it the issues of hours and wages were not concerned directly, but are of union recognition in a particular pit by a particular employer. Only a few thousand men were originally involved, but the dispute may result in close on a million striking.

To get a clear picture of what has led up to the present situation one must go back to 1926, the year of the general strike and disastrous coal stoppage. When the miners commenced to return to work in defiance of the orders of the leaders of the Miners' Federation the first move was made in the Notts coalfield. The next step was a break-away in this district by several thousands of miners from the Federation, who formed themselves into the Notts Miners' Industrial Union, under the leadership of Mr. George Spencer. The Miners' Federation was closely wedded to politics and this new union declared itself non-political and unaffiliated to the Labour Party or the Trades Union Congress. It was denounced and attacked by the Federation, but it continued to gain members, and by 1927 it had sufficient authority to negotiate a new wages agreement.

Had this agreement been a bad one for the men the present dispute and national coal strike threat might never have arisen, but because the Notts pits are good ones and because Mr. Spencer was an able negotiator, the agreement was extraordinarily good. Ever since 1926 the miners in Notts have had higher earnings than their fellows under the general Federation agreement covering the other coalfields, and they have received progressive increases. In the last quarter of 1936 the average earnings in the area covered by the Spencer Union were 11s. 5d. per shift, plus allowances worth 4d. per shift. The average for the whole of the coalfields was 10s. 1d. per shift, with allowances of 4·8d. So far as the Notts coalowners are concerned they argue, with perfect justification, that since 1926 their pits have been free of strife, that strikes have been unknown, and that in every way their working arrangements with the Spencer Union have been infinitely smoother and better than they could ever have been with the Miners' Federation.

Then some five months ago came the trouble at Harworth. This pit and fine modern village are the property of a colliery company, Messrs. Barber and Walker, and they are covered by the wages agreement with the Spencer Union. Working in the pit, however, were a number of members of the Miners' Federation, and backed by the local officials they formulated a demand for recognition of their union. The colliery company, realising that this was the first step towards getting 100 per cent. Federation membership in the pit—besides being a move against the Spencer Union and the Notts owners as a whole—refused the demand. The Federation members therefore called a strike. The owners refused to recognise the strike. After a few days members of the Spencer Union tried to go back to work but were prevented from doing so.

Adequate police protection was provided and a number of men resumed work. Since then Harworth has been in a state of siege, and the scene of all the worst features of a coal dispute. Every possible method has been used to stop men working in the pit, not excluding physical assaults, the threatening of their wives and children, uprooting of vegetables from their gardens, and the beating of tin cans for hours outside their houses to prevent them from sleeping. The strikers on their side declare that the police have been unnecessarily severe, and that the colliery company has "victimised" those not at work. These charges are not substantiated by fact.

The dispute was taken up officially by the Miners' Federation, although 900 men have been at work at Harworth all the time, and only about 300 remain to be taken on over a period of some ten weeks as and when they are required. The main point at issue soon became not Harworth but terms for fusion between the unions, and at a meeting between the leaders of the respective bodies such terms were agreed, signed, and published. Then an extraordinary thing happened. The Miners' Federation leaders took the agreed terms to a conference of delegates from all over the country, ran away from their decision with the result that the delegates rejected them, and decided to take a ballot. The ballot resulted in a large majority in favour of a strike.

The Mines Department then intervened to try and bring the parties together again, and various meetings took place between them individually and Captain Crookshank. The victimisation charge at Harworth was proved to be groundless, for the owners agreed to re-engage the 300 men still required by a ballot controlled by the Mines Department. The Miners' Federation then raised the old question of fusion between the unions, and the owners agreed to meet them again to discuss the question of recognition, which in point of fact would have been settled automatically by the amalgamation of the two unions. The Federation demanded, however, that this conference should be "unconditional." The owners insisted that the meeting must be conditional on (a) prior acceptance of the principle of fusion of the two unions in Notts, and (b) agreement to submit to arbitration any points relative to it and outstanding after discussion. This the Federation refused to accede, and negotiations broke down on May 10, with a strike due to take place on May 29.

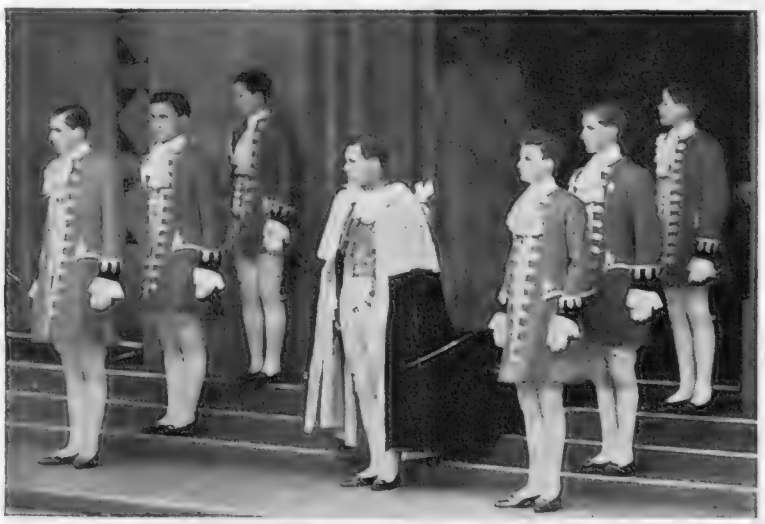
Having followed the progress of the dispute, and having known something of trade unionism in the coal industry over a period of fourteen years, I am absolutely satisfied that the real object of the Miners' Federation is to smash the Spencer Union and get supreme power in the Notts coalfield. If they really had wanted to negotiate they could have stuck to their original agreed terms and accepted the owners' very reasonable conditions to meet them. Their aim is to go into the conference freed of all conditions but armed with the threat of national strike action, and whittle away the terms until they mean nothing more than the unconditional surrender of the Spencer Union, which for ten years has secured for the Notts miners the highest coalfield wages in Britain and freedom from loss from strikes.

J. Baker White

CORONATION DAY IN RETROSPECT

Some Further Aspects of an Historic Occasion So Packed with Incident that space did not allow of its Complete Review in last week's issue

A SEA OF CORONETS: The Duke of Gloucester, wearing the coronet of a Prince of the Blood Royal which is similar to that of an Heir-apparent but without the arch and orb, seated in the South Transept in front of a large assembly of peers who are grouped in order of rank. The ducal coronet, set around with eight gold strawberry leaves, the marquess' coronet, with four silver balls and four golden strawberry leaves, and the earl's coronet, with eight silver balls raised upon points and strawberry leaves set between, are all recognisable in the picture



THE ROYAL TRAIN-BEARERS AND THEIR PART IN THE ABBEY CEREMONY: *Left*—Six of the King's attendants, wearing white stocks and hose and smart three-quarter-length coats, waiting at the Annexe doorway, in company with the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, to carry His Majesty's train on arrival at Westminster. *Right*—The nine youths standing at attention before the Chairs of Estate during the long service. Their names are:—Earl Haig, Earl Kitchener, Alexander A. A. D. Ramsay, Viscount Lascelles, George R. Seymour, George E. C. Hardinge, Montague R. V. Elliot, Lord Herschell, and Earl Jellicoe

IN CLOISTER and ANNEXE

How the Regalia Was Borne from the Jerusalem Chamber to the West Door

THE EARLY MORNING PROCESSION THROUGH THE ABBEY CLOISTERS as the clergy carried the Regalia from the Jerusalem Chamber, where it had lain throughout the previous night in the care of the Yeomen of the Guard. First they processed with the precious jewels to the Coronation theatre and the Chapel of St. Edward and then returned to the west door and deposited them on the regalia table in the Annexe, there to await the coming of the King and Queen at 11 o'clock

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOLARS PLAY THEIR PART: Walking in their white surplices in the Regalia procession from the Jerusalem Chamber to the Annexe. Their chief function in the Coronation service is to lead the general shout of "God Save the King" immediately following His Majesty's crowning

THE SYMBOLS OF SOVEREIGN POWER BORNE IN SOLEMN STATE: The Orb, the Chalice, the Bible, the King's Crown, and the Queen's Crown carried by the clergy through the Abbey cloisters an hour or two before the ceremony

THE RICHLY TAPESTRIED MAIN HALL OF THE ANNEXE designed by Sir James West. It was here that Garter King of Arms and his assistants marshalled the various processions which passed along the nave of the Abbey between 9 o'clock and the hour of the main ceremony. They had no easy task as some of the foreign Royalties and diplomats tended during the time of waiting to leave their allotted positions and talk to friends, afterwards returning to the wrong places

THE REGALIA TABLE: How the Crown Jewels were laid out in the Annexe for the Officers of State whose duty it was to carry them to the Coronation theatre. On the day following the ceremony they were returned to the Tower by car

CORONATION NIGHT AT THE PALACE

A FAIRYLAND SCENE ON THE FLOODLIT BALCONY as the King and Queen appeared for the fifth time on Coronation night to acknowledge the ovation of the massed thousands who cheered unceasingly outside the Palace, braving the intermittent rain and the wet conditions underfoot in order to do honour to their newly crowned Sovereign and his Consort. Their Majesties' first appearance was soon after the long homeward drive from the Abbey, when they wore their crowns and robes of State, and subsequently they came out at 9 p.m. (at the conclusion of the broadcast to the Empire), at 10.15, at 10.50, and lastly at 11.30, the King wearing evening dress and the Queen an enchanting figure in an ermine cloak. On the night following an even larger crowd assembled, Their Majesties coming out on the balcony on two occasions

THE ILLUMINATED PALACE AS MIDNIGHT DREW NEAR and the vast crowds that had thronged the open space around the Victoria Memorial had begun to diminish, at long last making for home after a night, a day, and an evening given over to festivity and rejoicing. It had been an unforgettable thirty-six hours, despite the intolerable weather conditions, and the closing scenes outside the royal residence were among the most notable of all

HOW LONDON'S LORD MAYOR DROVE FROM THE MANSION HOUSE TO THE ABBEY: Sir George Broadbridge, in his gilded coach with elaborate painted panels, was one of the early arrivals who received an enthusiastic welcome from the crowds

THE COACHES

and their Part in

THE PROCESSIONS

When the King and Queen Changed Positions

THE BEST VIEW OF ALL was obtained by a section of the 37,000 schoolchildren lining the Embankment, for at the junction with Northumberland Avenue the State coach came close into the pavement on one side as it swung round in a wide arc, thus allowing the youngsters to peer right into the vehicle and obtain a close-up impression of Their Majesties wearing their crowns

WHO NOTICED that on the outward journey the Queen sat on the right of the State coach, as depicted here, while on the return Their Majesties changed positions? It has often been stated in print that a King always sits on the left, but this is evidently not so

MAJESTY AT THE ANNEXE

Scenes as Members of the Royal Family Came and Left the Abbey

THE GOAL OF THE JOURNEY: The King, wearing his Royal robe of crimson velvet and the ermine Cap of Estate, pictured outside the Royal entrance to the Annexe after leaving the State coach. "The King and Queen," said *The Times* report, "bore themselves at this juncture as more conscious of the Presence into which they were coming than aware of the acclamations of the assembled people"

CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: Queen Elizabeth, whose regal dignity and graciousness held the throng spellbound as she emerged crowned from the Annexe door after the ceremony was over and prepared to enter the State coach for the long return journey through London's acclaiming multitudes. Her Majesty's English satin gown incorporated golden embroideries representing the emblems of Empire

QUEEN MARY ESCORTED TO HER CARRIAGE BY THE DUKE OF NORFOLK: Her Majesty with the Earl Marshal at the Royal exit from the Annexe. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose accompanied her on the return journey

CHEERS FOR THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER: Her Royal Highness received a tremendous ovation from the crowds as she approached the Abbey. Her dress of rich cream satin embroidered with pearls and diamonds suited her to perfection

MANY ABBEY GUE

A Camera Record of the Chaos

WAITING AT THE ANNEXE DOOR: Some of the Queen's train-bearers and the King's pages who, being participants in the ceremony, were among the first to leave the Abbey after the service was over, thus avoiding the trouble that developed later when the car arrangements broke down and numbers of the 7,500 guests were left stranded for five or more hours

AFTER THE DELUGE: The scene outside torrential downpour which was largely breakdown of the elaborately planned the Abbey guests away, members of were rushing for shelter, having

SOLACE IN SMOKE: A young peer offers a cigarette and a light to the peeress he is escorting. Another aspect of the out-of-hand situation

Below—
RAIN, RAIN, PITILESS RAIN: Peers and peeresses taking shelter during the height of the downpour which occurred at the most inconvenient possible moment after having held off during the morning and the early part of the afternoon. Many of the guests, who had been in the Abbey since six o'clock and had gone ten hours or more without a meal, were by this time beginning to feel exhausted. People who were jammed in the canvas tunnels at the exits were nearly stifled and officers had to draw their dress swords and cut holes in the canvas walls to let in air

IT WAS NOT AN EASY TIME FOR MALE ESCORTS but they faced the situation with equanimity

THE PUZZLED GOLD STAFF HOLDING THE POWERLESS WAND comfort to offer the tired guests as the minutes dragged by and showed no signs of improving. Anybody who succeeded in finding it with as many people as possible, giving them lifts out of the

STS STRANDED AFTER CORONATION SERVICE

that Resulted from the Extraordinary Break-down in the Car Arrangements

the Abbey following the instrumental in causing the arrangements for getting the general public, who blocked the roads and made it extremely difficult for chauffeurs to drive from entrance to entrance in search of their passengers. Rover Scouts and others are pictured here attempting to cope with the situation, but they had an immensely difficult task, cars sometimes being at one door while the owners were at another. Further rain later complicated the situation considerably

had but cold the situation his car filled restricted area. Some chauffeurs, too, unable to find their own masters, volunteered to take any guests home, afterwards returning. Later the police allowed taxis to come to the Abbey, and, although this expedient had some effect, it was noted five hours after the ceremony was over that a solid mass of guests 100 yards long stood at one entrance alone

WHEN PATIENCE WAS A VIRTUE: Viscount and Viscountess Arbuthnott and the Earl and Countess of Yarborough were among the many peers and peeresses who had a long and tiring wait. Note in the background members of the general public who took shelter within the Abbey precincts, thus further adding to the crowding

OPTIMISM AND RESIGNATION: The Duchess of Leeds (right) and the Countess of Annesley looked hopefully for their cars, while other peeresses turned their backs on the situation and prepared themselves for a lengthy wait. Mud, which can be seen on the pavement, spoilt the hem of many lovely cloaks and dresses

A WEARY BUSINESS: *Left*—Lady Oranmore and Browne wore a look of tired resignation. *Right*—Viscount Devonport, holding up his robes because of the state of the road outside the Abbey, stepped out into the open and asked a policeman for guidance

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING: Lord Derby, accompanied by his page, looked with good-humoured disfavour on the chaos around him

POLICE *and* PEOPLE

Harmony and Good Humour the Keynotes of Their Association at Coronation Time

JUNKETINGS IN THE WEST END: A taxi-load of merry-makers riding through the streets, cheering wildly as they went. A typical scene when the revelry was at its height

TRAFALGAR SQUARE—A FOCAL POINT OF THE CROWDS: Police helping to deal with a casualty amidst the great press of people. The barriers were closed there at an early hour

FORBIDDEN HEIGHTS: In order to gain a better vantage point from which to see the King and Queen as they appeared on the Palace balcony a number of the more daring spirits climbed the Victoria Memorial and refused to come down when ordered to do so. Eventually a good-humoured policeman scaled the statue himself and skilfully removed the tenants. His efforts were the subject of not a little banter from the closely packed throng standing below

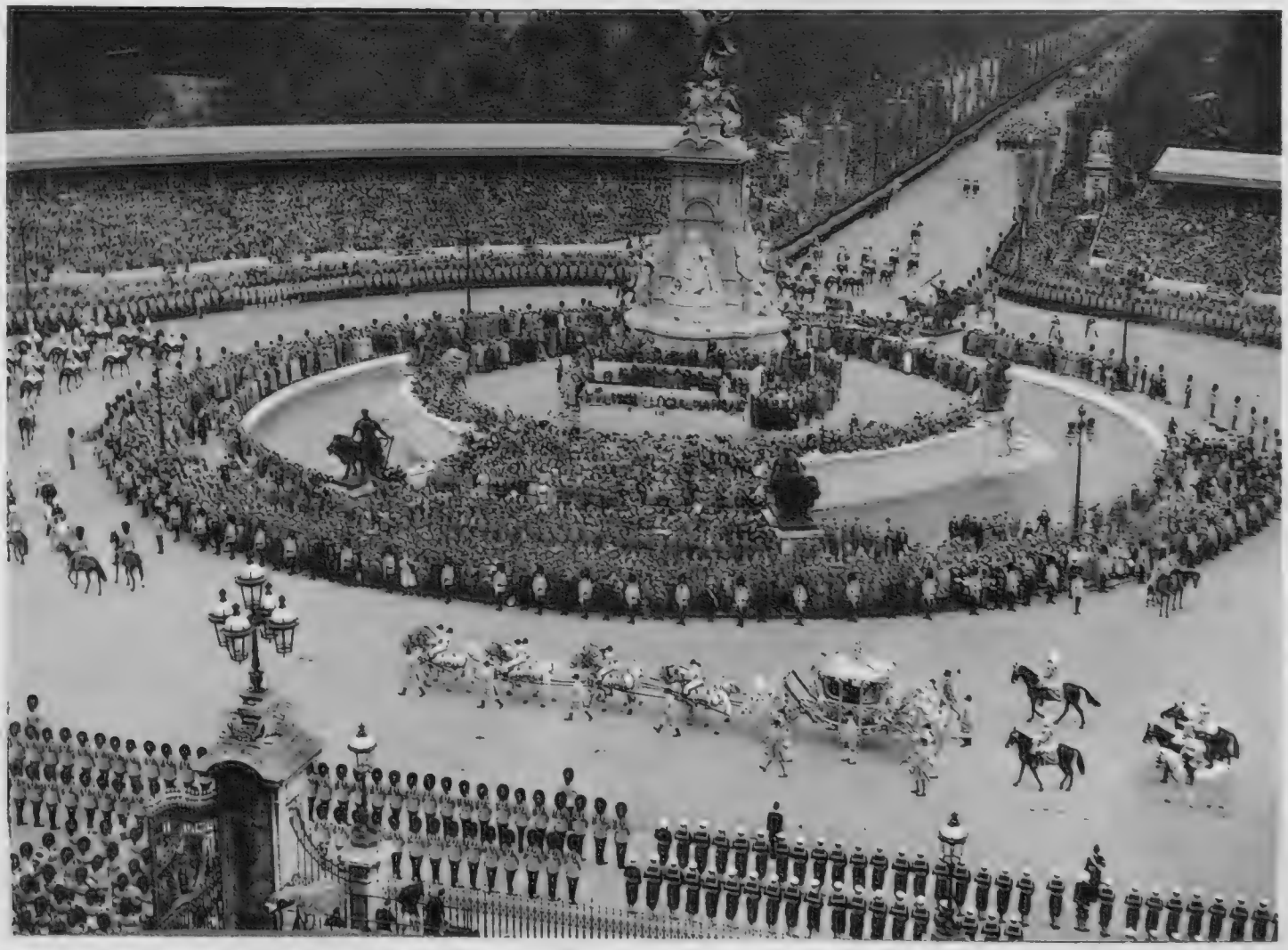
POLICE REINFORCEMENTS FROM THE COUNTRY: Members of the Essex Constabulary, who were drafted into town specially for the occasion, reading the printed instructions issued on arrival

YORKSHIRE COMES TO TOWN: Members of the West Riding Police who also assisted the London force in its arduous duties

THE LONG AND WEARY VIGIL IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: A section of the mighty crowd standing by a crush barrier after the all-night "wait" during which thousands of people stretched themselves out on the hard pavement in the hope of snatching a few hours of sleep. By 2 a.m. the square was almost full and long before the first procession the gates had to be closed

SYMMETRICAL PAGEANTRY

Symmetry was essentially the keynote of this picture taken on the threshold of Buckingham Palace as the great gilded coach of State drawn by its richly caparisoned team of Windsor greys swung out from the courtyard at the start of the historic journey to the Abbey



A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN PATTERN: The same element of symmetry was observable in the vast open space round the Victoria Memorial where the grouping of the crowds and the soldiery, the stands, and the banners at the Mall entrance, all contributed to the balance of the scene. It will be noted that at this important point on the route there was no undue overcrowding

CHEERS for the KING and QUEEN in NORTH LONDON

Their Majesties' Surprise Drive to See the Decorations on the Day after the Coronation

THE ROYAL CAR MOBBED BY THE PATRIOTIC THRONGS: Animated scenes in the crowded streets of North London as the King and Queen made their unexpected drive on the day following the Coronation, seeing the wonderful array of decorations in Clerkenwell, Islington, and other districts, and receiving an exuberant welcome from tens of thousands of their poorer London subjects

THE POLICE FORCE A WAY THROUGH: Another dramatic moment on the Royal drive when—such was the enthusiasm of the crowds—their Majesties' car was brought almost to a standstill. At every point along the route there was a repetition, in greater or lesser degree, of this popular fervour animated, as it was, by feelings of intense loyalty and affection. In Holborn numerous residents from the nearby Italian quarter turned up in force

CORONATION STREET TEAS for LONDON'S CHILDREN

HOW THEY CELEBRATED THE GREAT DAY IN EDENVALE ROAD, FULHAM: Here, and in other parts of poorer London, the weather did not prevent thousands of youngsters from enjoying the tea parties which had been planned and subscribed for several months in advance. In scores of cul-de-sac roads tables were set out in the open under festoons of flags and bunting, the children enjoying the best of fare while their parents looked delightedly on

JOY UNCONFINED: A happy scene in Dante Road, Kennington, one of South London's many gaily decorated streets, where boys and girls of the neighbourhood enjoyed one of the most sumptuous of teas, paid for largely by subscriptions ranging from 2d. to 1s. a week. In many instances, where the time of the parties coincided with the downpour, tables were removed to nearby halls where the jollity continued unabated

LONDON'S GAY SOCIAL ROUND

The Coronation Costume Ball

On left—CORONATION NIGHT AT COVENT GARDEN: After the King's speech to the Empire had been heard by the audience at the Royal Opera House, the curtain rose on the first scene in *Aïda* to reveal Miss Eva Turner, the British soprano, in the centre of the stage. Miss Turner sang the National Anthem, which was then taken up by more than 300 British and foreign singers who are taking part in the opera season. Then, with a surge of tremendous unison, the audience of well over 2,000 people sang to the accompaniment of the London Philharmonic Orchestra

THERE WAS A BRILLIANT ASSEMBLY AT THE ALBERT HALL for the Coronation Costume Ball held on May 13 to aid the fund to provide a National Theatre. *Left*—Mr. Joan de Laszlo and Miss Gloria Gordon in their box. *Right*—The Duchess of Kent sitting between Prince Paul of Greece and the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Norway. Also among the guests were Prince and Princess Chichibu of Japan and the United States Ambassador

ROYALTY AT THE CORONATION COSTUME BALL: *Left*—Crown Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands were the subject of much attention. They were the official representatives of their country at the Coronation and stayed with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace, occupying a special suite. *On right*—The Duke and Duchess of Kent in a box at the Albert Hall. In the foreground is Prince Paul, Regent of Yugoslavia

THE "HINDENBURG" DISASTER

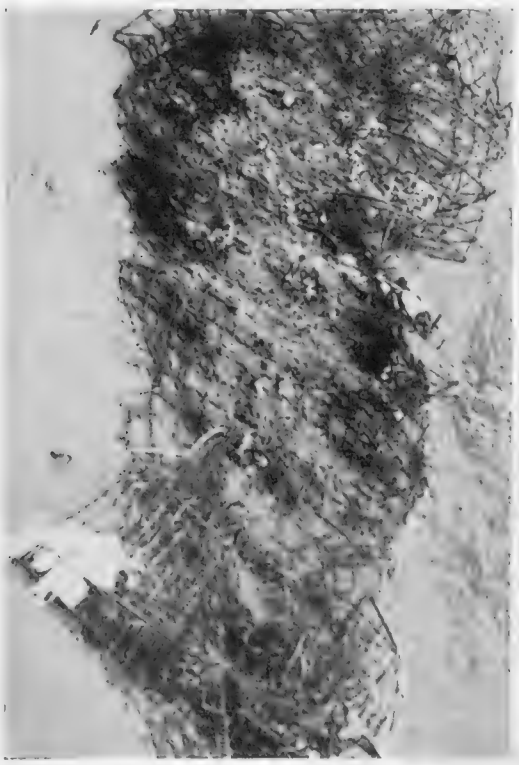
Lieutenant May's Theory of How the Lakehurst Tragedy Came About

WHERE IT HAPPENED: It was just as the *Hindenburg* neared her mooring-mast at Lakehurst that there was a sudden explosion and the airship plunged swiftly to the ground. This picture was taken on a prior journey

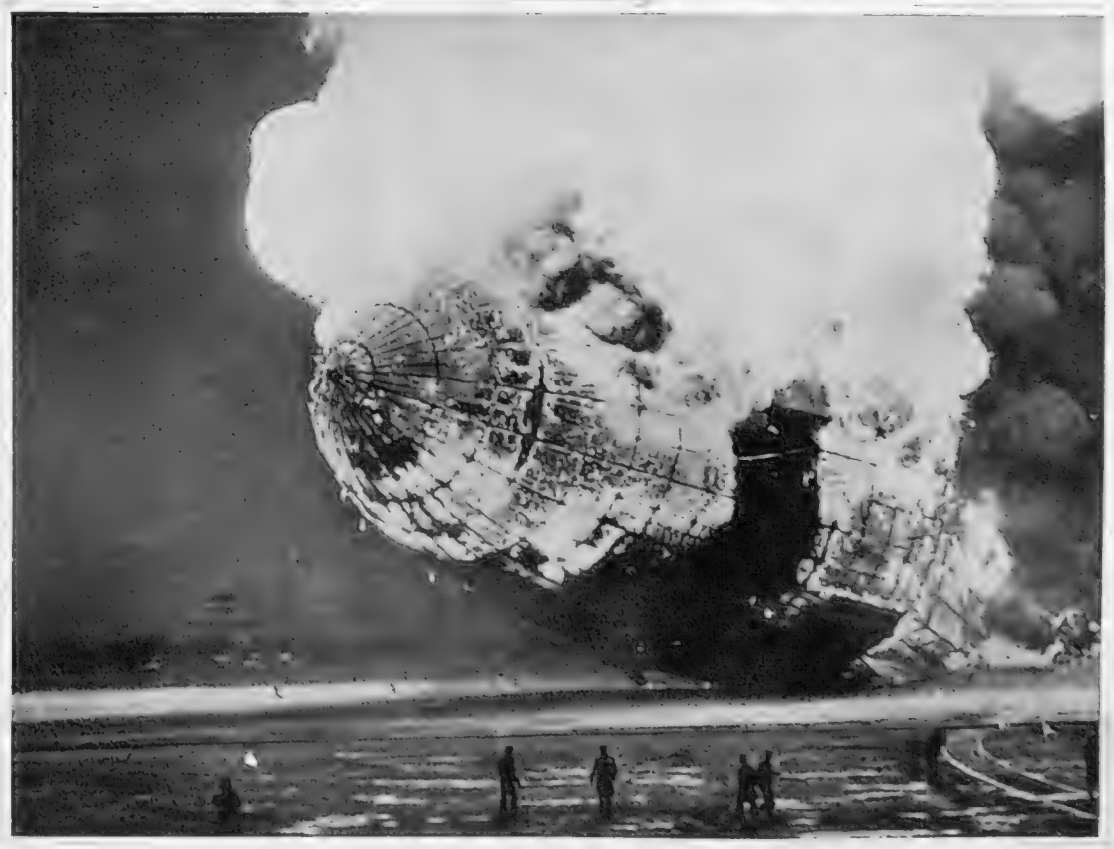
THE—"HINDENBURG" AT HER WESTERN TERMINAL: The great airship safely moored at Lakehurst, New Jersey, after completing one of her earlier voyages across the Atlantic. Up till the time of the disaster she had put up a series of magnificent performances and, in common with the Graf Zeppelin, was playing an immense part in restoring shaken world confidence in the stability and dependability of such lighter-than-air craft

THE loss of the *Hindenburg*, the great airship on which Germany's hopes were set in her fight for supremacy in the development of the Atlantic aerial passenger route, was immediately made the subject of an official inquiry in New York at which it became clear that the rumours of sabotage were without foundation. One of the most interesting theories advanced was that of Lt. Benjamin May who saw the disaster from the top of the mooring-mast and stated that he had the definite impression that a major structural failure preceded the fire and explosion. He was of the opinion that one of the airscrews splintered and tore the envelope, thus admitting air which produced spontaneous combustion when mixing with the hydrogen. It is agreed that if this theory is correct the damage must have been done by the port after-airscrew, all four blades of which were found to be shattered at their points. One fragment of the blade was found in the main wreckage 49 ft. from the airscrew shaft

HOW SHE PLUNGED TO HER DOOM: The tragic spectacle as the airship fell, the tail blazing furiously. Among those on the mooring-mast was Lt. May who has since given some important evidence at the inquiry



Below—BLAZING FROM STEM TO STERN: The last moments of the *Hindenburg* when she was in the grip of the flames and would-be rescuers had to keep their distance on account of the terrific heat. *Below on left*—The smouldering framework of steel straddled across Lakehurst airship port



AN INTERESTING TYPE: The British net-layer *Guardian* whose sister ship the *Protector* took part in the Coronation review at Spithead. Her double bows are a curious feature. Both vessels lay anti-submarine nets and tow heavy battle practice targets

Our Naval Coronation Visitors

Warships of Other Powers at Spithead

AMONG the most interesting visitors to Great Britain in connection with the coronation were the foreign warships present at the Coronation Naval Review at Spithead on May 20. All the nations possessing a navy were invited to send one warship to Spithead to represent their countries at the naval review. Seventeen nations accepted. There were thus represented navies of all sizes ranging from those of the United States and Japan to those of Poland, Rumania, and Cuba. Some of the foreign vessels at Spithead were well advanced in years and some very new indeed. They ranged from the newest capital ship in the world to submarines and coast defence cruisers.

The United States were represented by the battleship *New York*, an old ship, having been completed in 1912. But, as is the case with all the American battleships, her age is apt to be deceptive, for she was modernised in 1926. With a main armament of ten 14-in. guns her presence at Spithead may have been prophetic, for the new British battleships are to have a main armament of guns of this calibre. She brought more than 1,300 American naval officers and men to Spithead.

The Coronation
AND THE NAVY

Japan sent the cruiser *Ashigara*, one of her crack heavy cruisers of 10,000 tons armed with ten 8-in. guns, a curious looking vessel with a raking bow and a heavy, pagoda-like superstructure. She was completed in 1929.

One seems to detect the difference in the naval philosophies of the United States and Japan in the two ships which they sent to Spithead, the one a slow battleship, the other a fast and heavily armed cruiser. The *Ashigara* has a complement of nearly 700 officers and men.

Certainly one of the most interesting foreign warships that came to the naval review was the French battle-cruiser *Dunkerque*. A brand new ship this, and the latest completed capital ship in the world. She had only just completed her trials in time to be present at Spithead. With a length of nearly 700 ft., she had to be built in two sections owing to the shortness of the docks where she was built. She has a main armament of eight 13-in. guns and a secondary armament of sixteen 5.1-in. guns. All the guns are mounted in four-gun turrets—a new departure which may well prove to forecast the future arrangement of armament. The tower-like superstructure carrying bridges and fire control positions is similar to the "Queen Anne's Mansions" of our battleships *Nelson* and *Rodney*. Heavily gunned and well protected, and with the very high speed of over 30 knots, the *Dunkerque* represents France's "reply" to Germany's "pocket battleships," one of which was also at Spithead for the review.

This was the *Admiral Graf Spee*, which has recently been employed in Spanish waters. This ship is the newest of Germany's "pocket battleships," having been completed only last year. These vessels, the construction of which startled the naval world, are phenomena produced by the Treaty of Versailles. By the almost universal use of welding and special alloys, and by the installation of Diesel engines, Germany succeeded in building powerful ships within the 10,000 tonnage limit set at Versailles. They mount six 11-in. guns and eight 5.9-in. guns, and have a speed of 26 knots with a long radius of action. They proved very embarrassing to the other naval powers, the chief of whom were bound by treaty against building capital ships, because they were more powerful than any cruiser and had the heels of any more powerful ship except the three British battle-cruisers *Hood*, *Renown*, and *Repulse*.

The most curious foreign ship in appearance at Spithead was the Soviet battleship *Marat*. This ship was completed in 1914 and is therefore a relic of the Imperial Russian Navy, in which service she bore the name of *Petropavlovsk*, the name of the northern naval base on the Russian Pacific coast. A long, low, flush-decked ship, she has two masts evenly spaced with a vertical funnel midway between the two masts. Her foremost funnel, just abaft the bridge, begins by being vertical, but a little more than half way up it suddenly slopes aft at an angle of about 30 deg. This gives the ship a very peculiar appearance, but it probably served its purpose of keeping smoke away from the bridge. The *Marat* has a main armament of twelve 12-in. guns, mounted in

(Continued on page 452)

The Battle of the Big Guns

Japan Repudiates the Treaty of London

THE announcement by Japan that she does not intend to be bound by the clause in the Treaty of London, from which her representatives walked out, which reduced the maximum calibre of naval guns from 16 ins. to 14 ins., has caused the stir in all the world's navies that might have been expected. It has been announced in Parliament that Britain intends to adhere to the smaller limitation, but it remains to be seen whether she will be able to do so for long.

The effect on the other Powers has not yet been seen, although there is little doubt that the Americans will follow the Japanese lead and will arm their ships with 16-in. pieces; they have been holding up the last details of the designs of the new battleships until the Japanese decision was known. In any circumstances, the biggest possible gun has always been a tradition of American naval design and on several occasions in their history they have led the world in that direction. France and Italy also have many advocates of the heaviest possible metal and only in Germany is there a general inclination to agree with Britain in favour of more moderate sizes.

It is not only that Britain is still, in spite of all failures, trying to persuade the Powers towards the limitation of armament, but there is a very general opinion in service circles that the smaller gun has certain advantages which cannot be overlooked, although, of course, it is quite impossible for the authorities to allow British ships to be hopelessly under-gunned if all the other Powers are in general agreement.

The late Lord Fisher was the greatest advocate of the policy of mounting the biggest gun which a ship could possibly carry. That led to the 18-in. gun being introduced for one of his "large light cruisers" which were built with so much secrecy. When Fisher was no longer First Sea Lord nobody knew what to do with this ship H.M.S. *Furious*, and she was converted into an aircraft carrier by stages. First the forward 18-in. gun was suppressed to make room for the flying-off deck and then the after one had to go in favour of the landing deck. After being in store for some time one of these guns was mounted in a monitor operating in the Dover Patrol, set on a practically fixed bearing. The Germans occupied so much territory that it was impossible to miss the target it offered, but the work of conversion was not concluded until the extreme end of the war and she had time to fire only a few rounds.

Nobody denies, of course, that the bigger gun with its colossal shell is naturally far more destructive when it hits the target, but at the very long ranges at which modern naval battles will probably be fought practically the only chance of hitting is by firing salvos; the more numerous the guns in the salvo the better chance of scoring a hit. When the displacement of a capital ship is limited to about 35,000 tons nine 16-in. or twelve 14-in. guns are the limits which can be mounted to advantage.

A factor of considerable importance is that, generally speaking, foreign warships are built with higher speed than their British contemporaries, owing to its not being necessary for them to consider the necessity of keeping the seas at all times. With this extra speed they have the ability to choose the range or to break off the action should they desire. It is therefore important for the British ship to be able to cripple her opponent, at least, at extreme range, with the probability of having a very short time in which to do it.

Although, of course, it cannot do the same damage as heavier metal, the smaller shell is sufficient for most practical purposes, as was shown by the damage inflicted by the German 11-in. shell at the Battle of Jutland, when they had very few guns above that calibre, but were opposed to the British 15, 13.5, and 12-in. guns.

Misses seldom count for much in a naval action, no matter how heavy the shell may be, and it is accurate gunnery, which can be obtained only by constant practice, which is demanded more than anything else. Comparing a 16-in. gun with a 14-in., the bigger gun is not only by far the more expensive to begin with, but it also wears out very much more quickly with the constant practice which is necessary for efficiency, and for which the Navy hopes that it will be granted the ammunition in the future after very many lean years.

(Continued on page 452)

H.M.S. "LONDON" AND HER ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS

In this busy scene aboard H.M.S. *London*, flagship of the First Cruiser Squadron of the Mediterranean Fleet, men are shown adjusting one of the anti-aircraft guns, while another is putting a fresh coat of paint on the pedestal. The man with the earphones is testing the equipment through which orders are relayed from the fire control officer

BATTLE PRACTICE ON THE HIGH SEAS

Shells falling from H.M.S. *Hood's* 15-in. guns during gunnery practice with a towed target which can be seen emerging from the splash on the right. This particular operation was watched from the air by the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet

"TO DANCE THE NEW YEAR IN"

Trekking to a Fur Trading Post for the Festivities

This picture and that below are now owned by T. Wilbur Best, Esq.

"A DOG TEAM ON THE HOMEWARD TREK"

Padding along the Snow-bound Forest Track Agleam in the Dying Sun

IN KING GEO
OF CANADA
REALM

Scenes of Pioneer Days in the
Amid the Drama of the Lone

THE ART OF ARTHUR HE

KING GEORGE of Canada (for such his many titles since the signing of t of Westminster that gave our Dominic status in the great partnership of Emp over no more fascinating land than this Dominion with its wide, sweeping prairie rivers, and fir forests, all contributing to a illimitable scenic grandeur; and there is is safe to say, who can better depict th the romance, and the loneliness of th spaces than Mr. Arthur Heming, ex whose work are reproduced in thes Mr. Heming's personal knowledge of the scene is unsurpassed and in each of his he holds one enthralled by the sheer force of his presentation and his strong colour contrast. The artist began travell Canadian Northland, that region whic undergoing such rapid development, whe only sixteen years of age, and since then forty-six trips by canoe, packtrain, snowsh boat, dog-train, buckboard, raft, an schooner, to see and record at first-hand hunting, trading, lumbering, ranching, min ing, and the multitude of phases of natu

Escaping from a Forest Fire
This picture is now owned by General Motors of Canada

"THEIR ONLY CHANCE"

ORGE
A'S

Dominion
Backwoods

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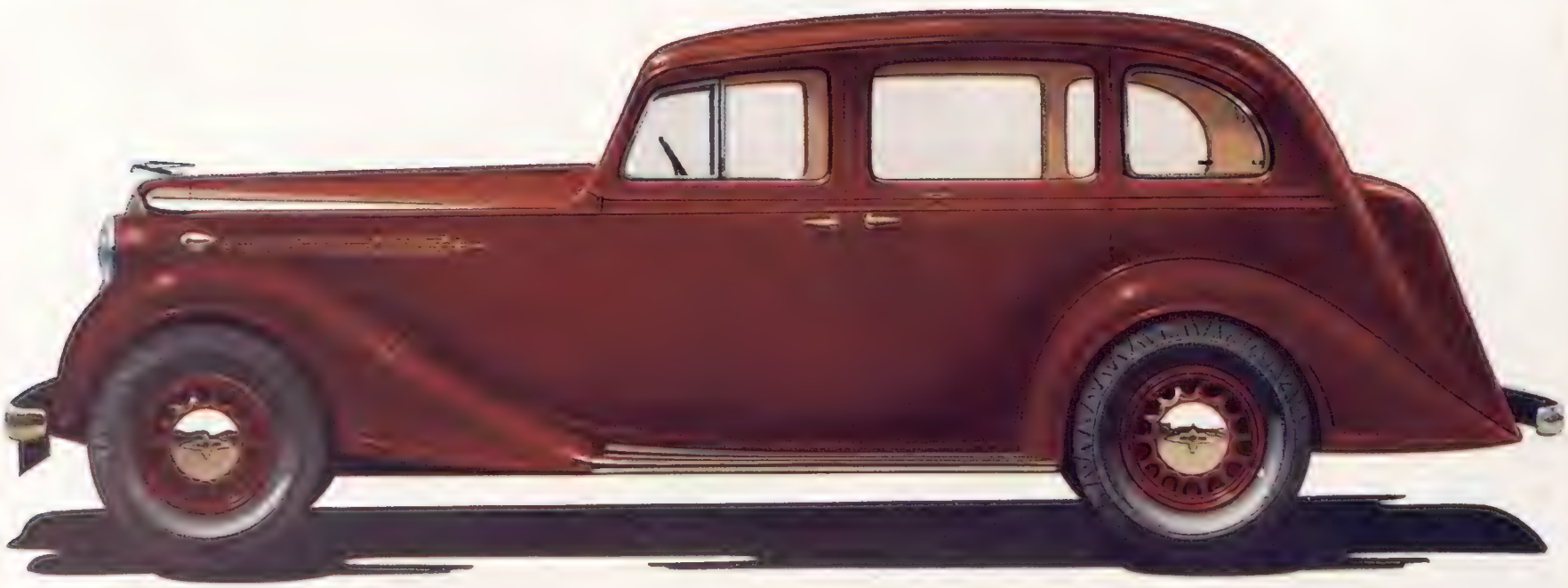

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DESIGNED TO MEET WORLD COMPETITION

SPHERE SURVEY

AMERICA AND THE CORONATION: Members of patriotic organisations parading outside the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, before attending the pre-Coronation service at which a message was read from King George

A WELCOME TO THE SPRING: Two comely members of the Japanese colony in Los Angeles bearing the "Haru" of flowers which, according to Japanese custom, is carried in procession on the festival celebrating the awakening year

RELIGIOUS PAGEANTRY IN FRANCE: White-frocked girls carrying in procession an offering of flowers for Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris, after the celebration of outdoor mass in the stadium at Villemomble, a few miles outside the French capital. The flowers were placed in a costly Sèvres vase

Above and on right— EMOTION IN DUBLIN: The shattered equestrian statue of King George II on St. Stephen's Green after it had been destroyed by a land mine as a reprisal, it is believed, for the banning of a demonstration planned by the illegal Irish Republican Army. The mine exploded with a tremendous roar, shattering a number of windows in the vicinity and sending citizens rushing for shelter

THE SPLENDOUR OF THE ILLUMINATIONS

THAMES-SIDE FAIRYLAND: The Admiralty yacht *Enchantress* brilliantly illuminated as she lay moored in the Thames near the floodlit Tower of London. Night was almost turned into day at this point, and the play of the lights on the water was a wholly unforgettable sight

THE HOME OF THE QUEEN'S PARENTS FLOODLIT: The historic pile of Glamis Castle, ancestral seat of the Strathmores as it appeared on Coronation night. The lighting was most artistically done, providing wonderful light and shade effects. The turrets were left in shadow. At one period candles were burning in every window

THE ADMIRALTY ARCH IN ALL ITS GLORY: This building—one of hundreds floodlit throughout the City and West End—was particularly striking, the brightness of the stonework contrasting well with the blackness of the three archways leading towards the Mall

TATTOO ON FLOODLIT HORSE GUARDS PARADE

The magnificent spectacle as the bands played on the vast open space in front of the illuminated building

ARTISTS OF THE EMPIRE

The Royal Institute Galleries Exhibition of Portraiture, Landscape, and Genre Paintings by Noted Australian, Canadian, Indian, New Zealand, and South African Craftsmen

"THE PADDLERS": A fine example of the work of the New Zealand artist Marcus King at the exhibition of paintings by craftsmen of the British Empire overseas which is now being held at the Royal Institute Galleries, at 195, Piccadilly. The artist is a prominent member of the Council of the New Zealand Academy of Fine Arts

CANADIAN PORTRAITURE: "A. Y. Jackson, Esq.", by Lilias Torrance Newton, a member of the Canadian Group. He was born at Montreal and afterwards studied there under William Bymer, R.C.A., before going to Paris to work under Jacovleff. Mr. Newton was elected an A.R.C.A. in 1923

INDIAN INSPIRATION is clearly evident in this water colour, entitled "Gold and Green," by D. P. Roy Choudhury, a young artist who was trained under Dr. Abanindranath Tagore, C.I.E., and who now holds the responsible post of Principal of the Government School of Arts and Crafts, Madras Presidency

FROM NEW SOUTH WALES: A self-portrait by the late G. W. Lambert, A.R.A., certainly one of the most outstanding and most widely known of contemporary Australian painters. He was born in St. Petersburg but went out to the Commonwealth at the age of fourteen. Some fifteen years ago he was made an Associate of the Royal Academy

IT is only fitting at this juncture, when the whole Empire is sharing in the greatest of all Empire festivals, that Londoners should have a glimpse of the activities of the Dominion artists, many of whom, though not well known over here, have a deserved reputation in their own countries by reason of their masterly interpretation of the sights and scenes that are part and parcel of their daily lives. The canvases at the present exhibition vary most interestingly and the visitor will see an extraordinary range of styles from the severely academic to the impressionistic. There is no doubt the Dominions have a wealth of talent

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SCENE

By J. Volschenk

"September Heather, Happy Valley, Riversdale," a canvas from Cape Province that has been lent to the present exhibition by the National Gallery of South Africa

COMEDY AT THE GARRICK: The dramatic episode in A. A. Milne's new play, *Sarah Simple*, when Sarah (Leonora Corbett—left) returns to the husband (A. R. Whatmore) she deserted, only to find that he is engaged in an amorous entanglement with Marianne (Agnes Laughlan)

SARAH DOMINATES THE SITUATION: The returned wife (Leonora Corbett) comes between her husband, the owlish William (A. R. Whatmore), and Marianne, the canon's widow (Agnes Laughlan), to whom he has been making amorous advances. Needless to say Sarah triumphs

WIT IN THE THIRD ACT: Sarah (Leonora Corbett), with the pretended idea of placating Marianne, has heavily disguised her husband as his own co-respondent and offered him the hospitality of the village inn. The plan comes to naught, but it affords some hilarious moments, for the most part provided by Charles (Frederick Piper), the gloomy waiter

STAGE AND SCREEN

Although the full force of Russian ballet will not be with us until next month, when Colonel De Basil and his troupe are due, some of what may be called, without any desire to offend, the minor companies are presenting novelties of particular interest. The other night Sadler's Wells showed us Lord Berners' *Wedding Bouquet* with vast success; I have just seen at the King's, Hammersmith, a ballet designed by La Nijinska, *The Beloved One*.

This has not the humour of the Berners ballet, nor is humour intended. It is obviously engineered to display the purely dancing abilities of Miss Alice Markova and Mr. Anton Dolin, and does so remarkably well. The former, in particular, has never been given better opportunities. This is neo-classicism in its most welcome form, and it would be pleasant to think that it exists mainly because Mr. Dolin and Mme Markova exist. That, however, is not so, for the work was originally written for Ida Rubinstein.

The music is founded, neatly and tidily, on music by Schubert, Liszt, and Darius Milhaud, the first-named putting the other two rather in the shade, and the scenery, odd but pleasing, is by George Kirsta. This ballet should find its way into the repertoire of the bigger troupes, where it could not be danced better.

The House Party (the English title of *Les Biches*, which would hardly do as such) is an important revival.

SARAH SIMPLE: Leonora Corbett in the title role of A. A. Milne's lighthearted new play at the Garrick which has a host of amusing moments. She portrays the cute, capable young person of to-day who knows so well how to get what she wants without giving away the fact that she wants it. In this particular case she wants her husband back

At the Opera.—Coronation night at Covent Garden was given over to Verdi's *Aïda*, on the grounds, presumably, that it is flashy and flamboyant and full of glittering spectacles. It also has a tedious story, for all its popularity, ending in the two lovers being bricked up in a vault alive, which hardly suggests a festive occasion, least of all for the lovers.

One cannot but grant *Aïda* its good swinging tunes, although some of them are of the John Philip Sousa type; but this is not one of my favourite works and it is so exhausting that after three and a half hours of *Aïda* I feel in need of first-aid-a.

A poor performance makes *Aïda* (or, for that matter, any opera) intolerable. Fortunately Covent Garden can usually be relied upon to come out strong with Verdi, and this year's production is not only a splendid pageant but full of good singing. Signor Martinelli sang the familiar "Celeste Aïda" (which comes in the first few minutes of the work, when stall-holders are groping for their seats), with exquisite phrasing and tone quality. Madame Cigna started with an attack of flatness, but recovered from it, and Madame Stignani, somewhat formidable in appearance, is a newcomer with a gloriously rich and powerful voice. The ballet in the "triumph" scene had as *première danseuse* Madame Sokolova.

Carmen, on its first performance this year, suffered from a Don José who was very much Don Indisposé. I cannot express an opinion on M. Georges Thil's voice until he has shed that crippling cold, which caused even the Flower Song to pass without its customary round of applause. This naturally handicapped the Carmen, Mlle Renée Ghilly, though she showed promise of taking her place among the really good Carmens and has natural advantages in plenty.

In the Escamillo of M. Doubrowski I was disappointed. He is not the type that kills bulls which, though an important point, is less important than the fact that musically he seemed unable at any moment to hit the bull's eye. His voice is of a quality more suitable for bearded high-priests—it is

MARTHA EGGERTH MAKES from her latest German of *La Chanson du Sou* These days Fräulein Eg

AT CORONATION TIME

Lord Berners' Successful "Wedding Bouquet" : "Aïda," A Glittering Spectacle at Covent Garden : A Good Revue at the Victoria Palace

Reviewed by Philip Page

hollow and sepulchral—than for winning the favours of that operatic Jean Harlow, Carmen.

The really perfect performances were those of Madame Eide Norena as Micaela and Sir Thomas Beecham as conductor.

"Wonderful World."—This is by far the best so far of the present series of revues at the Victoria Palace, which are, in fact, little more than variety bills and uncommonly strong ones. The strongest feature in this case is Miss Florence Desmond, who does not confine herself to her famous imitations. In addition she gives "impressions," which are rather more important, since mimicry (of other actors and actresses), though of intense interest to those in, or near, the profession, is apt to be a shade too, well, professional. Also, we have for years had far too much of it. I can say no more of Miss Desmond than that without either her or Miss Binnie Hale the comedy side of any revue would be infinitely the poorer.

Mr. Steve Geray as compère exploits his rather too broken English; if there is one part in an English revue which should be played by an Englishman it is surely the compère.

The circus touch is added by a brace of clever acrobatic midgets and by Miss Ethel Revnell, who is the reverse of a midget; indeed, I had not thought it possible that any woman could seem, and be, so tall. Quite a good revue. But Miss Desmond is the making of it.

"And the Music Stopped."—The late Auguste van Biene achieved some degree of fame and I hope, also, a fortune out of a play entitled *The Broken Melody*. This is now completely forgotten, but some years ago it was as familiar to the entertainment loving public as the name of Ginger Rogers is to-day. At the New Theatre, where Shakespeare has been temporarily dropped, there is a murder play about a melody which is broken in sinister circumstances, and it is called *And the Music Stopped*. The music in question was a piece of Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* symphony being played on the piano and since neither this nor any other symphony should ever be played on the piano, the sooner it was stopped the better.

Anyway, stopped it was, as far as the room downstairs was concerned. But then, mystery of mysteries, some one in a room upstairs continued to play it. Who? Margery Endean was supposed to be the pianist and Miss Renée Gadd, who represented her admirably, is a pretty girl, a good actress, and, for aught I know, a good pianist, too. But she does not look as if she could carry a piano up a couple of flights of stairs, and, since there were signs of wealth in that household, probably a grand piano, too.

However, I am getting away from the main theme, which is murder, and with no reluctance, for I must have seen at least five hundred plays about murder and have long ceased to care in any play who murdered whom and why and when and how. Besides, I happen to find music more interesting than murder. But *And the Music Stopped* is a remarkably good specimen of its kind. It sets out to mystify and it does, and if it does not thrill me, it is likely to thrill many thousands of other people, who pay for their seats.

The chief object of the author of a murder-cum-detective play is to get what is known as a new "twist." Mr. Emlyn Williams did this in a particularly intelligent fashion in his *Night Must Fall* by adopting a purely subjective method, letting us into the secret at once, and founding his drama on what was happening in the mind of the murderer.

Mr. Noel Scott, who wrote *And the Music Stopped*, has not worried about that sort of thing at all. He shows us a mysteriously repellent scoundrel who tells a group of people in a room at night that one of them is going to murder him, and soon, sure enough, one of them does. There is blood, a bathroom, a lame man (always a good choice for a "thriller") screams, and the aforesaid chunk of Tchaikovsky.

The murdered man is played by Mr. Edmund Willard, and as he is the principal member of the cast one is not surprised that he does not vanish when he is murdered in the first act, but turns up with plenty to do later on. Whether he is still the "murdered" man or somebody closely connected with him may be left as material for thrill lovers to feast upon. The inevitable detective is Mr. Bernard Lee; when detectives are played as well as they are by Mr. Lee, I like them to be inevitable. Mr. Ian Fleming was as excellent as a poorish part allowed him to be and Miss Phyllis Dare added some charming touches of comedy which were most welcome.

"Das Rheingold."—That solemn Wagnerian "thriller," *Das Rheingold*—the three-hour first act of *The Ring*—was duly launched under the command of Dr. Furtwangler, who is the Wagner conductor *par excellence*. Why this glorious but heavyish feast should be given without an interval I can never imagine. It is true that Wagner himself demanded this; but Wagner demanded all sorts of things which are not given him nowadays, and so much the better.

There is also the question of tradition, which at Covent Garden is vastly respected. Much as I respect Covent Garden for respecting tradition, I wish this one could be broken. *Das Rheingold* is in four distinct scenes and a break could easily be made at the end of the second one.

HER BOW at the Court of Imnendingen. A scene film, the French version of which, under the title *venir*, has been enjoying a success in Paris. gerth has an enormous following on the Continent

THE SPECTACULAR AT DALY'S: The Grand Duchess (Enid Cruickshank; left), Fritz (Bruce Carfax), and Wanda (Nancy Neale, towards right), in one of the many colourful moments in the production of Offenbach's operetta, *The Grand Duchess*

THE BALL IN THE STATE APARTMENT OF THE GRAND DUCHESS: Another spectacular phase of the Offenbach opera at Daly's which scenically is one of the most striking productions now on in town. The text has undergone considerable modification

THE WEDDING OF FRITZ AND WANDA: Another scene from the Offenbach opera, showing the Grand Duchess (Enid Cruickshank, right), the bride (Nancy Neale, centre), and the groom (Bruce Carfax, towards left). Mr. G. P. Robinson, who was responsible for the libretto, has kept the old story together in all its essentials

HOLLAND FACES A SINGLE-HANDED COMBAT

A Repetition of the Recent Van Zeeland–Degrelle Encounter

The Clash at the Polls Between Premier Colijn and Fascist Mussert

HOLLAND'S RESPECTED PREMIER: The veteran Dr. Colijn, who, like M. van Zeeland in Belgium, is defying the Fascist challenge

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WE are about to see repeated, in Holland, the recent Van Zeeland–Degrelle encounter which ended in such complete discomfiture for Belgium's apprentice-dictator or young man in a hurry. Differences exist between the two cases, technical and political, yet resemblances are so much more in the ascendancy—notably the circumstance that, as occurred in Belgium, the latest would-be dictator is being challenged in as good as single-handed combat by the Prime Minister of his country.

Colijn v. Mussert. Such is basically the duel, and if the result be a foregone conclusion, that scarcely detracts from the importance of the clash, in as much as answer will be forthcoming to no fewer than half-a-dozen questions whose interest outstrips the frontiers of Holland:—Democracy versus Dictatorship? Will the Fascist expand or contract? Age against Youth?—Dr. Colijn is rapidly hitting seventy, while his opponent is in the early forties. Amendment of the Constitution aimed at deleting extremists, Communists as well as Nazis, from all legislative bodies. European orientation of Holland for the next four years. Colonial Defence, in growing harmony with the British Commonwealth.

Our relations with Holland have never been better since . . . since the South African War! If for that reason only, what is about to occur should hold our attention. In The Hague, Dutch friends related that never had they heard a national anthem sung with more fervour—perhaps not even their own—than "God Save the King" at the opera gala on the night preceding Princess Juliana's wedding. "We were really singing for liberty as against the other thing, which got silence."

The Dutch parliamentary system requires to be grasped. It bears certain affinities to our own, and then, again, goes off at a tangent, such as P.R. This is a general election for the whole hundred members of the Lower House. Holland enjoys universal suffrage, women over twenty-one included, with the result that voters number 4,500,000 out of an 8,000,000 population. But whereas we have only three parties, plus the Maxton and Lloyd George clans, Holland has fifteen. And she might have had more in these hustings but for the special passage of a law by which all candidates failing to poll a certain number of votes must pay £35 forfeit. This has had the salutary effect of reducing the fifty-three parties of the 1933 election to a mere twenty this time. But twenty! Perhaps Dr. Colijn might do well to increase that £35 to our £150.

When we come to examine these Dutch parties, a second divergence from ourselves becomes manifest in their religious trend. The moribund Parliament included Roman Catholics, Historic-Christians, Calvinists, Catholic-Democrats and Dissident Protestants—these parties forming almost half the House.

One has but to attend a Colijn rally to realise how deeply religion permeates Dutch life and politics. The Premier is a strict Calvinist, though he sits as an Anti-Revolutionary, and his meetings begin and end with psalms and prayers. On the occasion here referred to, he began, only half jocularly: "It is late. I shall be brief. You should be in bed, and I too. For a Calvinistic meeting, admit that we have passed the permitted hour!"

After a twenty minutes exposition, he concluded: "Have I made myself comprehensible? I ask, because 'they' say I am getting too old. It still works, does it not?" (emphatic acquiescence).

The Premier goes to the country controlling sixty-five seats against an Opposition composed of about thirty Socialists, Radicals, Communists, and Etceteras. However, all these, including four Communists M.P.s, have formed up behind Dr. Colijn for the business of slaughtering the nascent Nazis in their midst. What may happen subsequently is another matter, in that the Left sees in the Premier a reactionary, himself trying to put over dictatorial measures under astute camouflage. An instance: the attempted modification of the law governing the liberty of the Press, and which Dr. Colijn had to drop like the brick of legend.

The Dutch are taking their election with national stolidness, which is not to suggest apathy. If they do rise more to a Juliana's birthday—and heroine of the land she is, with her youthful love match and clear intent with "Benni" to put pep into a notoriously heavy Court and Society—Mussert packs his halls with a 10,000 audience, the Premier with more still, while the Socialists will muster 25,000. Contemplation of the two chief antagonists tends to reveal a close-up of the condition and sentiment of the nation as a whole.

Holland's N.S.B.—Nat. Soc. Bewegung (movement)—sprang five years ago from the flaws that became apparent in the democratic structure as the world depression advanced and precisely hit the Dutch, with their terribly "dear" pre-war gulden, in the solar-plexus. A nucleus of rebellious youth appeared in Utrecht Province where, aged thirty-eight, Mussert threw up his job in order to dedicate himself to "the moral and material salvation of my country." And it should be pointed out that Mussert was no mere adventuring demagogue, for a successful career had landed him in the post of principal engineer to Utrecht Province. Nothwithstanding this, he was speedily obliged to copy familiar Fascist methods.

If he beat around for scandal he was unable to find this valued kicking-off point, as Degrelle partly managed to do. The one piece of scandal essayed in Holland had to do with a cheque given by Dr. Colijn to a certain young woman, and it was scotched by the Premier coming into the open with the why and the wherefore. But "the Dutch Führer" lost no time in adopting other tried and tested trappings and tactics of his international credo. Uniforms, ballyhoo, melodramatic revivalism, slogans, hot propaganda, and news "treatment" in the party's daily, *Het Nationale Dagblad* and weekly *Volk en Vaterland*, in each of which editor-in-chief Rost van Tonningen stridently preaches one-party rule, the corporative State, death to Communism, purity of race, the super-race. If no open propaganda is evident against the Jews, such simmers underneath; it would be the worst of policies in Holland to let it break surface.

Mussert has personal appearance on his side. Manly, and looking well in uniform, he imitates Mussolini in the throwing back of his head against invisible adversaries. The Dutchman is for ever shooting up his right arm. But there the resemblance ends. Unlike il fiery, fluent Duce, this former engineer is an uninspiring, even stumbling speaker. Nor can this well be attributed to complications of programme which is simple to (the usual) fault.

How is he financed? In the other camp, "oil millions" and Germany are most often cited. One of Mussert's two senators is of Austrian descent, fought as a German officer, and became a naturalised Dutchman but a few years ago. A second arrow released on the personal side concerns the Leader himself. By way of answer to the purity of race business, Mussert is depicted by cartoonists as having married a close relative considerably older than himself—with what degree of accuracy, I cannot say. All I know is that this form of attack is generally frowned upon as "invading the sanctity of private life," while, such consideration apart, not a few Dutch are tickled by the racial argument in view of the presence of East Indian blood in the national stock—by every token, not so terrible a presence, considering how well the Dutch possessions are run.

Here are other factors telling against the Fascist chief—the Degrelle débâcle which promptly led to the removal of that failure's picture from H.Q. in the Wagenstraat, where it had known the privilege of being alongside photographs of Hitler and Mussolini. The qualified economic improvement since last autumn's devaluation. Remembrance of Mussert's pro-Nazi attitude at the time of the royal marriage incidents in January. Hostility of the Catholic Church. The existence of two dissident movements, "Zwart Front" and "National Herstel," calculated to weaken pro-Nazi voting. The great success of the ripe but very on-the-spot Premier's "Midlothian campaign." The triumphal birth of "Eenheid der Demokratie," a sort of Popular Front. Disgust at such things as a Guernica, among a pro-League population. Fear of German–Japanese designs on the tempting Dutch East Indies. Nervousness at the aerodromes and autostrads being built on the Dutch frontier. Annoyance over Franco's interference with Dutch shipping. Above all, the national desire to carry on as heretofore in freedom and in peace under a successfully working constitutional Monarchy.

This is the first time the Dutch Nazis are putting up for Parliament, their position in this respect being similar to Hitler's in 1928, when he won seven seats, and Degrelle's last year, when the young Belgian won twenty-one. But Mussert is already represented in the Upper House by two senators, this devolving from the Senate not being directly elected but deriving from the vote of the eleven States Provincial. Two years ago, Mussert polled 270,000 votes, or 8 per cent. of the electoral body, at an election for the fifty seats of the Upper House—which, in passing, may not amend Bills but only accept or reject.

Mussert now hopes to open the ball in the Lower House with ten adherents. His opponents say he is going to get a most awful socking. Dr. Colijn confines himself to breaking into a grin.

That the Dutch Premier is a big man—"big business" or no—frequenters of Geneva have long known. Tough, not easily to be shifted. Dr. Colijn could scarcely be otherwise, considering his record. Son of a farmer, he spent his early years as an officer in the East Indies, later becoming secretary to the Governor. It was a hard-bitten, bronzed military man who, in 1909, at the age of forty-one, entered politics at home as an Anti-Revolutionary, a label which he has always maintained although his group numbers but fourteen. From the very beginning he was in the Cabinet, as Minister of Defence, but after only four years he threw aside politics to reap a golden harvest for the next nine years as a high oil executive. To-day he is one of Holland's richest men.

The Queen giving Dr. Colijn her confidence, he received several high Court appointments prior to the Premiership, in which office he swiftly showed what manner of man he was by personally quelling the bloody Communist rising in Amsterdam. To-day he is about as near a dictator as one can get in a democratic country. In addition to the Premiership, he holds the portfolios of Defence and the Colonies, for both of which posts his past military and Colonial service renders him conspicuously suited. Just as it is Dr. Colijn who will presently put on the Statute Book the law barring from all political and municipal bodies "citizens attempting to upset or modify the established order by illegal means," so it was he who refused Hitler's offer to guarantee Dutch integrity, on the ground that such integrity was axiomatic.

If Dr. Colijn is held to be the best man to unite the nation against extremism, he far from enjoys such far-flung commendation among his own people as does a Paul van Zeeland. Small salaried people have been badly hit by the results of the devaluation, which, they bitterly complain, was withheld too long, while the unemployment figures continue very bad indeed, 403,000 inscribed, or thirty per cent more than we have on the total population basis. Many are the Dutch who ardently desire a more liberal regime on a plane with their fellows of the "Oslo Group"—Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland. Dr. Colijn, they think is not the person to give it to them.

Well, he is in for a victory of some significance a few days hence, whatever shortcomings Dr. Colijn may possess. Pending such, it seems to come down to this: when a free people is allowed a free vote on dictators and their regimes, these are swamped almost out of existence, leaving one wondering to what extent the German, and, particularly, the Italian people might not follow suit were they to be miraculously vouchsafed a really free vote devoid of all fear elements and inhibitions.

Summer Roses

FORECASTS FOR A BRILLIANT ASCOT

*

A Typically English Scene to Delight Visitors from all over the World

FOR the first two days—suits. Short-coated, slender-skirted, pastel-coloured, trimmed with golden arabesques, combining three or four shades unusually grouped.

Suits again, exquisitely tailored, in fine lace over crêpe de chine, the two cut and stitched together. Worn with flower-trimmed sailor hats or with pirate caps of printed silk with large straw brims sweeping upwards in front.

Lots of street-length, pastel-coloured redingotes, worn over matching frocks, and with large diamond brooches and bracelets. Likewise lots of real flowers, worn as buttonholes, or tucked into a sash, even, with long, romantic dresses, pinned to the back of short net gloves.

On Gold Cup day, thoroughly picturesque frocks, sweeping to the ground. Enormously full in the best Camille tradition, or very slender, with V necks cut almost to the waist where there are large bouquets of roses or mixed blooms.

Merry Widow hats, with dipping brims and ostrich feathers, or upturned Bretons tied beneath the chin with wide ribbons. Clouds of veiling, floating over the face, or at the back, or coquettishly caught under the chin.

Drifting organza, plain or appliqued or candy-striped. Lace, fitted like a sheath, with loose half-length coats. Brilliant prints on chiffon and on crêpe de chine.

A spate of full transparent coats in net or lace or chiffon, tied at the waist and spreading about the feet. Shoes, like Juliet's, with high fronts and no sides. Cut-out holes, the size of threepenny pieces. Lace sandals, embroidered crêpes, and very soft pastel kid pumps.

Tiny toques, flower trimmed with matching posies, like those photographed at the head of this page. The hat is of shiny plaited straw, with a double cascade of veiling at the back, edged with velvet ribbon, and it is trimmed with a cluster of exquisite hand-made roses in beautiful sunset shades.

Charmingly youthful and fresh, the dress on the right is made of very fine black lace mounted on the palest pink chiffon and worn over a slightly deeper taffeta slip. It has very cleverly shaped sleeves and a bright green taffeta sash into which are tucked two large roses. The large hat is of stitched tulle, with a flat crown, and a brim edged with tulle leaves veined with patent leather. This hat and dress, and the hat above, come from Harrods, of Knightsbridge.

Pink-lit Be-flowered Lace

The DEFENCE *of the* EMPIRE

A Question that is Now Looming Large

By W. T. WELLS

YET ANOTHER CHAPTER WAS ADDED TO THE LONG AND PROUD HISTORY OF WESTMINSTER HALL when the King attended the luncheon organised by the United Kingdom branch of the Empire Parliamentary Association for the purpose of enabling His Majesty to welcome the Prime Ministers and Ministers who had come to London from all parts of the Empire to attend the Imperial Conference which opened at the end of Coronation week

FROM all quarters of the earth troops poured into London. Cape Town and Canberra, Nepal and Nigeria, all have been represented in the Imperial Pageant. The Canadian naval contingent came in two destroyers. All the men, except those with previous experience of an English summer, will have left their homes readily and gladly. It is a holiday in uniform, and all are assured of a welcome. To the native Londoner and to the Coronation visitors alike the Empire troops furnish yet another feature in what must be the most cosmopolitan celebration which any State, even Imperial Rome, has ever staged.

Some of the men now in London left their native shores some twenty years ago on a very different mission. It must be a poignant memory. Many reminiscences will be exchanged, many contrasts made of conditions now and then. Will some of the more philosophically minded of these soldier and sailor visitors ever ponder on the purpose of their present visit? To greet the new Head of the Empire? Of course. But will they think there is any other purpose?

In the background of the colour and pageantry lurk more serious problems. Two days after the Coronation an Imperial Conference opened. The principal subject for discussion was Imperial Defence. Rearmament is in the air, and so, with the National Defence Contribution and the proposed loan, is the cost of rearmament.

The cynical foreigner will say that the English are just having a little conference all on their own; so they are—but at least this conference does not need an interpreter! Rearmament has to be discussed, and discussed it will be.

Rearmament raises different problems for each country of the Empire. The purpose of the conference is to make each country's plans fit in with the others. If the man in the street is to understand the merits of possible solutions, he must first understand the essentials of the existing position.

The men and women who watched the soldiers, sailors, and airmen march in the Coronation procession, or listened to commentaries on their appearance and deportment, had no occasion to think very much about the organisation which controls the various units. May 14 told a different tale. The salient feature then was neither the common loyalty of the men nor their diverse racial and national characteristics, but the fact that they are all under one or the other of two very different types of control. Gurkhas and Guardsmen, Scottish Highlanders and Kenya Highlanders are all, in the last analysis, under the orders of the British Government of the day, and this though their orders may reach them through the different agencies of the War Office, the Colonial Office, or the India Office.

The men in the contingents from the self-governing Dominions, on the other hand, are under the orders of Governments who have the right to decide for themselves the issues of peace and war, and organise their Defence Forces under Defence Ministries quite independent of the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Air Ministry. To men in the first category the Home Government has only, at a time of crisis, to give an order; men in the second are not available without the consent of an independent Government. The Dominion forces were of inestimable value in the great war. The problem for the British Government is to ensure that they will be able to avert a future crisis by potential enemies knowing that these men are available, or that they will help to resolve the crisis by their courage.

The British Government cannot dictate to the Dominions; it has to persuade them. In this task it is helped by two factors; the sentiment of loyalty to the Crown; and, which detracts nothing from this, the fact that there is a strong bond of common interest which unites the Empire. The Dominions have their anxieties. The South Africans, who can scarcely be accused of Imperialistic jingoism, have recently had their attention drawn by Hitler's Germany to the fact that they are not altogether out of the orbit of European politics. Australia, New Zealand and even Canada cannot regard without some degree of apprehension the naval might of Japan. They all, in fact, are interested in the British Navy, and the protection which it can and does afford to their coasts and their commerce.

The need for co-operation in defence between the different parts of the Empire has long been recognised. Officers from the Dominions are attached to the Imperial Defence College, to the Staff College at Camberley, and in some cases to the Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry. British officers and even British ships are lent to Dominion forces. An attempt is made to standardise the weapons and equipment of each arm of defence in the Empire.

A beginning has been made, but to make the best use of the material available co-operation and co-ordination must be carried much further. There is no permanent organisation to promote them. The Committee of Imperial Defence is imperial only in name; the Dominions are not represented on it. The same remarks apply to the Imperial General Staff. In the former case there are political reasons which perhaps make it difficult for a statesman of sufficient calibre from each of the Dominions to be in permanent residence in London. In the case of the latter no such reason can be urged. It would be perfectly simple for an officer from each Dominion to be permanently attached to the Imperial General Staff.

From the strategical point of view it would be an advantage for the General Staff to be constantly informed of military and political conditions in the Dominions. From the point of view of human co-operation the gain would be even greater. The conditions of social life vary both between England and the Dominions, and from Dominion to Dominion. The product of the military college at Sydney has, in all probability, a completely different background from the product of Sandhurst. It is important that possibilities of misunderstandings should be reduced to a minimum, and if the brains of the British Army are kept regularly in touch with their fellows from the Dominions a great deal will have been gained.

At the Imperial Conference attention will probably be focussed on the financial aspects of defence. The Dominions are of course under no obligation to contribute to the cost of British defence; they are only bound to pay for such defence as they decide to provide for themselves. But they do in some cases contribute to individual items of expenditure, as in the case of New Zealand and the Singapore Base.

Financial contributions alone, however, will not go far towards solving the problem of Imperial Defence, the vital problems of assuring, in any emergency, a sufficient supply of fighting men, war materials, and food. What are needed above all are an agency which will study how to make the best use of the human and material resources of the Empire, and a spirit which will overcome the sources of political and social friction, in its component parts.

THE MOUNTIES ON PARADE: The smartly turned-out detachment of Royal Canadian Mounted Police riding in the Coronation procession down St. James's Street—a sight that fired the imagination of the crowds

This England . . .

Bredon Hill, Worcestershire

THIS summertime in England is a gentle glory, slow born of many rains. No sun-fed flare of colours is here, but a simple harmony of greens that has no equal. Nor is it the bells alone that sound so clear as you walk upon the hills. Rooks you will hear in elms a mile away, and cock-crows, and the barrel-housed sheep-dog of a farm you cannot see—sounds of an immemorial England, separate, peaceful, contenting. And so when you reach again the habitations of man, tired maybe, "sharp-set" certainly, there will come with your victuals a golden Worthington, belonging also to an England that has not changed.

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LONDON'S COAL EXCHANGE

Where Nowadays the Minimum Price is the Maximum Price and Keen Bargaining is Almost a Thing of the Past

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE COAL EXCHANGE TO-DAY: An exterior view of the building at the corner of St. Mary at Hill

BY now it is almost certain that the summer prices of coal will have been fixed. But during the last few days the Coal Exchange opposite Billingsgate Market has been humming with anticipation and excitement, as you could have seen for yourself if you had wished to do so. For the Coal Exchange is the only open Exchange in London—that is to say, that any member of the public can go in and sell or buy coal and/or have a look round. On the Baltic, the Stock Exchange, Lloyd's, and the various commodity Exchanges you have to be a fully accredited member to be allowed to deal or even to be allowed inside at all.

The Coal Exchange looks like a miniature Albert Hall, being built in 1849. It is circular with a glass roof and three galleries out of which lead the offices of the leading coal merchants and colliery owners in Great Britain. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday it begins operations at 2 p.m., continuing officially until four and, unofficially, still later. There is a buzz of conversation rather like that of a successful first night. At first sight the crowd of 250 men in bowler hats, or bareheaded, seems to stand quite haphazardly.

If you look more carefully, though, you will notice that they are nearly all in groups of twos—buyers and sellers in fact. Inquiries and orders are made orally. Sometimes a brief detail is taken down on the back of an envelope or in a note book. A few days later the order is confirmed by a contract note. This, however, is purely a matter of form. Nobody would ever dare repudiate an oral purchase or sale. On the ground floor are various offices and two rooms, one for coal merchants and the other for colliery owners. But even here you will find everyone in couples; the coal merchants talking in the colliery owners' room and *vice versa*.

Since the Central Selling Scheme came into force on August 1 last year, however, nearly all the excitement has automatically disappeared. Except for his connections, a salesman of coal has little to do except what is automatic. The Government Scheme was inaugurated to prevent inter-colliery competition, and thus to assist in increasing the wages of miners. In this it has been successful, for the price of coal has gone up 6s. a ton. So if I am a coal merchant and you are a colliery owner and I wish to buy 1,000 tons of coal from you, the transaction cannot take place before you have inquired from the Local Controller as to the minimum price which you may charge me. When you have discovered this price you let me know, having added to it your own profit in the transaction and the cost of the cartage which, you will agree, is very dull and allows no scope on either side.

Before this scheme came in, a smart buyer could purchase 500 wagon loads of coal at a low price (or a smart salesman could sell the same amount at a high price) and go back to his office feeling that he had really earned his day's salary. That is all a thing of the past. For the minimum price is automatically the maximum price too, nowadays.

Incidentally, most of the deals done on the London Coal Exchange are contract affairs. The L.C.C., for example, need 200,000 tons of coal a year. They put out their tenders for amounts of perhaps 20,000 tons. Schools, gas works, and other big concerns buy their coal by annual contract. At the London Coal Exchange the unit of purchase is usually a wagon load, which is equivalent to 10 tons of coal, sold, of course, to the consumer in far smaller quantities down to 2 cwt.

Actually there are 400 or 500 different kinds of coal which are dealt in at the London Coal Exchange, the grades and varieties depending on the colliery and the seam. To the public, however, coal is offered in only a dozen grades, beginning with the Welsh anthracite, which costs 75s. a ton, to fine slack which a year ago stood at 1s. 6d. a ton (at the pit head), and which has now risen to 8s. or 9s. a ton

THE ROMAN BATH, now fenced in for safety's sake, which was brought to light when the foundations of the Coal Exchange were dug in the middle of the last century. It consists of a small apsed chamber, heated by a pillared hypocaust

AS IT WAS IN 1808: The earlier Coal Exchange as depicted in an old time engraving

The main degrees of size are "half-inch slack" used for coke making, steam raising, and brick burning; "singles," which are ½ in. by 1 in. used for steam raising on modern appliances; "doubles," which are 1 in. by 2 ins., also used for steam raising and for central heating for domestic purposes. We then come to coal all graded for household purposes with the exception of "hards," which are used for locomotive and steam raising purposes. Nobody, of course, can tell the exact grades of coal merely by looking at them; but a sufficient check on their character is available from the railway charges. These obviously prove the nature and origin of the coal.

Another group of categories into which coal can be divided is that of the district. The main ones are Scotland, Northumberland, South and West Yorkshire, Durham, Kent, Notts and Derby, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, Staffordshire, and Shropshire. Very little of the Staffordshire and Shropshire coal is dealt in on the London Coal Exchange, and practically none of the Lancashire coal is offered here. In fact, except for sea-borne coal from Scotland it is not worth while transporting it from points farther north than the nearest coal mines in Yorkshire. All this coal is sold and bought at the local Coal Exchanges of which there are nine or ten in the provinces. As to coal for export, this is all dealt in at the Humber, the Tyne, in South Wales, and Scotland. Exports, by the way, have improved, and in the last few weeks Canada has been a firm buyer on a large scale.

A few statistics might now be interesting. Output increased by 6,250,000 tons in 1936, and the quantity of coal available for consumption in Great Britain was nearly 176,000,000 tons. This was 6 per cent. more than in 1935 and more, in fact, than in any year since 1927. The almost complete cessation of the Italian trade accounted for a decline of over 3,000,000 tons in the exports, but a partial resumption of this business was arranged by the end of the year. Shipments to Spain were affected by the civil war, and the import restrictions in other countries resulted in further loss of trade. As I have said, however, the export business in 1937 is improving

Despite the numbers of flats that are being built everywhere, a fifth of the annual output of coal is sold for domestic purposes; 10 per cent. is used in making gas; electricity claims 6 per cent.; the railways use 8 per cent.; the coal mines themselves use a similar amount; 7 per cent. is needed for the manufacture of pig iron; other iron and steel uses up 4½ per cent.; the remainder, is lumped under "general manufacturers."

Meantime it is good to know that the number of deaths from accidents at coal and metalliferous mines in 1936 was nearly 100 fewer than in 1935 and 200 fewer than in 1934, the number of deaths caused by falls of ground showing a remarkable reduction There was, too, an appreciable reduction in the death rate from all causes. Nevertheless, four men out of every 1,000 employed were seriously injured last year, and 791 were killed. Nobody, therefore, will grudge the increased cost of coal created by the Government Selling Scheme—not even the coal merchants. In any event the latter pass it on to us.

On right—WHERE BUYERS AND SELLERS CONGREGATE: Looking up from the floor of the Coal Exchange to the iron balustrated balconies where the dealers have their offices

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

The Life of Elizabeth Fry, Quaker and National Heroine

THE life of Elizabeth Fry has been so often chronicled in the pattern of nineteenth-century history that a full dress biography of this "Quaker heroine" is not only an event but a necessity. Hitherto her life has been recorded only in family memoirs and family history, while her work of course stands out in the history of prison reform.

ELIZABETH FRY (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) begins, like all good biographies, at the beginning, with a pleasant picture of Betsy and her six sisters, known to the mail coach driver as "the Gurneys of Earlham." Betsy, according to her biographer, Miss Janet Whitney, may have been destined to become a Quaker heroine, but from her earliest days she showed signs of chafing under the strict regime of the Society of Friends. Her destiny was to become a national heroine, "the only really very great human being I have ever met with whom it was impossible to be disappointed," said the Duke of Argyll.

By her own right and through her own works she became an uncalendared saint; her portrait illuminates the windows of a cathedral, her memory is enshrined in the hearts of men.

The Gurney sisters had a reputation in their own strict circle for being "gay," but although Elizabeth was perhaps the least unorthodox of them she still could hanker after finery, flirt a little, and fall in love with William Savery, an American Friend. But the path of her life was settled when at last she succumbed to the persistent wooing of Joseph Fry, another Quaker banker like her father. Henceforth she was to live in London and, in the pursuit of good works and under the inspiration of Stephen Grellet, she began to take an interest in the condition of women prisoners in Newgate prison.

From then on she became a pioneer in prison reform as well as in other sociological activities; her work brought her world fame, she was consulted by Governments, she was the friend of queens and emperors, she became a legend in her lifetime.

Not the least remarkable thing about this exceptional woman was the fact that she led a busy public life and at the same time so fulfilled her domestic role as to be the mother of eleven children, and lost but one of them. To her teeming households, in which at yearly meetings she sometimes had to cater for and find sleeping accommodation for forty and fifty at a time, she brought the same sense of rule and order as she took to her work within the cells of Newgate, in the transport ships, for the coastguards, and for nursing.

The author regards her as "the most outstanding example in history of a woman other than royal who accepted marriage and many times motherhood and still maintained an active public life." In the annals of our race she shines forth as something even more wonderful, which the word "heroine" of the title inadequately fits, and the only incongruous thing about her saintliness is that it should remain so long uncalendared.

PIONEER OF PRISON REFORM: Elizabeth Fry, the Quaker heroine who almost single-handed reformed the bestial conditions among the women prisoners in Newgate gaol, is the subject of a new biography by Janet Payne Whitney, who herself comes of an old Quaker family. The book, which is published by Harrap, is reviewed on this page

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

MAN OF DECEMBER (Hutchinson. 8s.) is presented to us as a novel, but except that it is dressed in narrative form it has no right to the name, since none of the characters is fictitious and the author is also seeking to present historical facts as he sees them. The Man of December is Napoleon III and the book is a study of his life and character, beginning with the birth of his son and heir in 1836 and ending with the Emperor's death at Chislehurst twenty years later.

It is a long, lavish, and colourful story in which the figure of the Emperor moves with his family and Court against the background of the period of the Second Empire, with all its weariness, tinsel, tingling tunes, and the steady pounding of forces driving France towards an emancipated democracy. With Teutonic thoroughness Herr Neumann deliberately chooses an enormous canvas, filling it unsparingly with detailed characteristics of everyone important to the drama and every kind of period piece, essential and unessential.

The effect is of a colossal Drury Lane spectacle in which the stage is crowded when, as often, colour is needed to add power to the drama, and in which all the leading characters, the principal actor most of all, are drawn larger than life.

Those who like long books—and there are many—and who also like their history tricked out in so lavish a fashion will enjoy *Man of December*.

The same thoroughness, with, perhaps, more solid worth, characterises Herr Emil Ludwig's **THE NILE IN EGYPT** (Allen and Unwin. 16s.) This prolific biographer of the great and near-great now turns his attention to a river, and with all the arts at his command he tells the story of the Nile "as if it were the life of a hero".

Readers of Winwood Read's *Martyrdom of Man* will not need to be reminded of the immensity of this theme, of the cavalcade of invaders, conquerors, succeeding dynasties, cultures, and peoples which swept through the valley of the Nile, ancient cradle of the earliest civilisations. Superimposed upon this are the author's own painstaking descriptions of the landscape, the plants, and the animals and his successful attempt to form a romantic link between them and the ancient races who inhabited the basin

"Man of December," a Novel that is not a Novel

Readers of that strange and thrilling novel *Night Falls on Fitch's Pond* will expect something quite out of the ordinary in Miss Cora Jarrett's new book. **STRANGE HOUSES** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a story which is new both in plot and construction, with the added excitement of the problem of the phenomenon of disassociated personalities.

Miriam Breen was the wife of a millionaire, middle-aged, and full of vague ideals. She goes to a doctor for electrical treatment during the course of which she must be drugged. The doctor, a psychiatrist, takes advantage of her drugged condition to conduct mysterious experiments unknown to her. The other party in his researches is a young chorus girl, an immoral wanton. In the middle of it all the doctor dies of heart failure and Miriam comes to to find herself possessed of a beautiful body which is certainly not, and never has been, hers.

Being Miriam she somehow convinces her husband that she really is Miriam, and he promptly takes her to Clifford, another psychiatrist, and an honest one, to unravel the mystery. Most of the story deals with Clifford's efforts to establish identity by various tests, although he is worried by the gnawing apprehension that the millionaire may possibly be trying to discard an elderly wife for a beautiful young mistress.

He and his assistants, however, have this point cleared up for them when they find the chorus girl astonishingly in possession of Miriam's body. Clifford then attempts to put both women back where they belong, but he fails. For Miriam's body dies, and with it, presumably, Dolly. Thus the elderly woman is left with the young girl's body, and she makes a rather pathetic attempt to prove that Miriam Breen, body and spirit, is dead, and that Dolly the chorus girl is still living. The strain is too much and Miriam-Dolly commits suicide.

A powerful story, depending largely upon the elasticity of the reader's credulity; never failing constructively but in places overwritten.

So rapid and on such a scale has been the modern development of practical aviation, with a regular service across the Pacific an accomplished fact and a similar Atlantic service just round the corner, that we are apt to forget the pioneer work that was only yesterday.

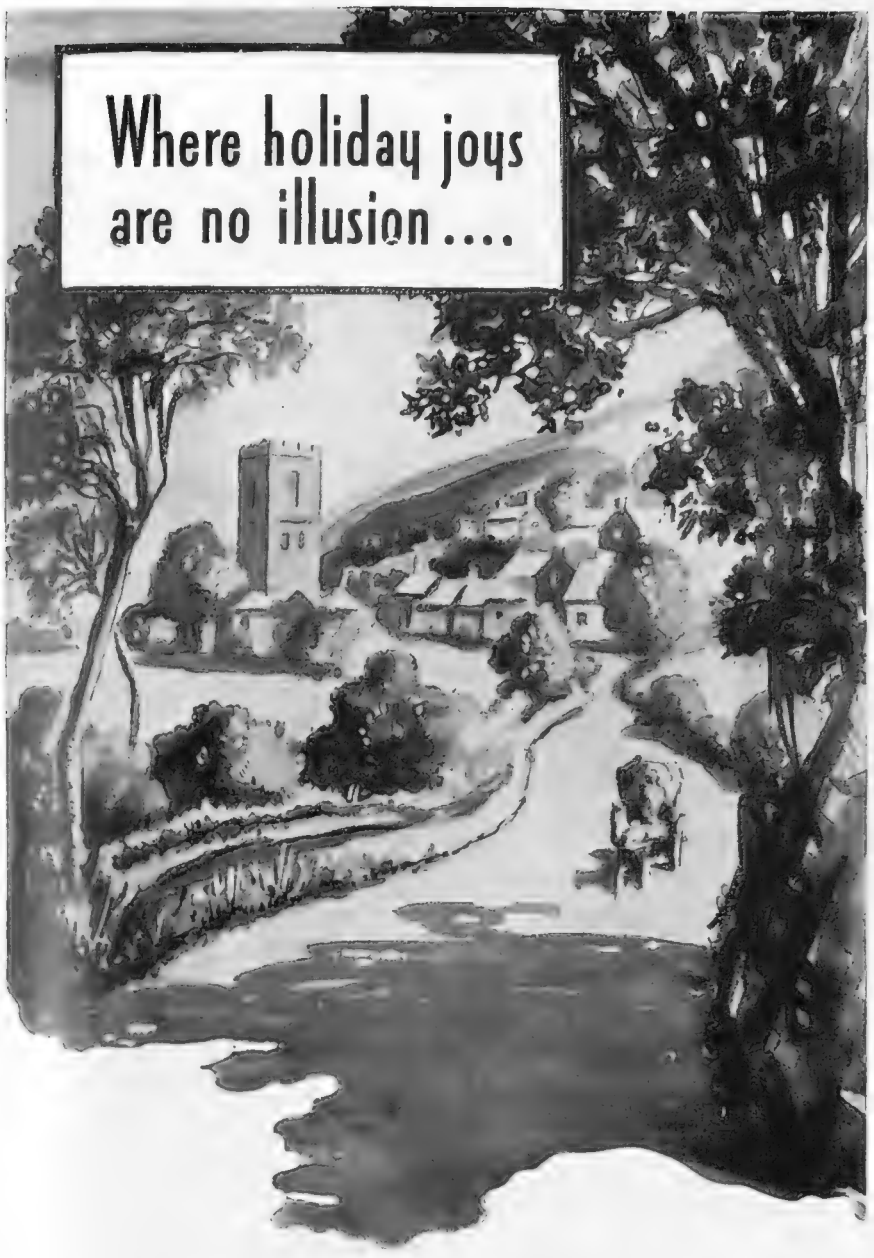
Books such as **FLYING YEARS,** by Squadron Leader C. H. Keith (Hamilton. 18s.), have a value beyond their readability and contemporary interest for they form a record of a science and a service if not exactly in its infancy at least suffering from growing pains, and engaged in the always hazardous task of trail-blazing and pioneering. No wonder, for all the author's modesty, his deprecatory introspection and his consistent straining at understatement, this book has all the excitement and thrills of a first-rate work of exploration.

Fortunately the author developed the habit of writing home long "circular letters" of his experiences on duty overseas, and this volume is the result of a collection and selection of them. Primarily the literary critic's job is to comment upon the book's readability. If the author has a fault it is the one I have pointed out above, but it is one that sets easily upon a book that anyone whose blood is still quick in his veins and who can enjoy a swift-moving and human narrative packed with thrills and humour, will relish. The author is justly proud of his service: he has written a grand book, and the Royal Air Force should be grateful to him.

A book called **THE BRITISH ARMY: Its History, Customs, Traditions, and Uniforms** (Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.), has a title comprehensive enough to need no amplification in a review. Pay Lieut.-Commander E. C. Talbot-Booth, R.N.R., has crowded into this handy little compendium everything that anybody interested in the subject can possibly want to know, from the minutest details of the uniforms, histories, and colours of every regiment in the army, and even of second and third and fourth battalions to their current nicknames.

BOOKS RECEIVED

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—GREAT BRITAIN: Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker. New Ed 16s. ANGLO-CONTINENTAL & INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.—THE TRAVELLER'S POCKET REFERENCE. 1s. 6d. JONATHAN CAPE.—AND SO—VICTORIA. By Vaughan Wilkins. 8s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—THEY LIVED IN COUNTY DOWN. By Kathleen Fitzpatrick. 6s. MOSS IS THE STUFF. By Adrian Alington. 7s. 6d. COBDEN-SANDERSON.—THE MARCHING CLOUD. By F. H. Dorset. 7s. 6d. NIGHT OUTLASTS THE WHIPPOORWIL. By Stirling North. 7s. 6d. COLLINS.—THE EMPIRE COMES HOME. By W. S. Percy. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. HAND IN GLOVE. By M. G. Eberhart. 7s. 6d. DENT.—STUBBS AT FIFTY. By Guy Pocock. 7s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—FISHING ROUND THE WORLD. By Leander J. McCormick. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. WREN. By Geoffrey Webb. 2s. THE PERFUMED PEN. By Cyril Upton. 5s A PEDLAR'S PACK. By Elizabeth Goudge. 7s. 6d. THE WARRIOR'S PATH. By Don Ryan. 7s. 6d. LOVAT DICKSON.—TOWARDS ARMAGEDDON: The Defence Problem and its Solution. By Major-General J. F. C. Buller. 6s. COUNT YOUR DEAD—THEY ARE ALIVE! or A New War in the Making. By Wyndham Lewis. 7s. 6d. ECLIPSE PRESS.—KINGS AND HEROES. By Erica Fay. 2s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—WHEN VICTORIA BEGAN TO REIGN: A Coronation Year Scrapbook. Made by Margaret Lambert. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—SOVIET DEMOCRACY. By Pat Sloan. 6s. THE ROAD TO WAR: Being an Analysis of the National Government's Foreign Policy. Preface by the Right Hon. C. R. Attlee, M.P. 3s. 6d. GRAYSON.—A COLONIAL POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S REMINISCENCES. By Alan Workman. 8s. 6d. THE SLEEVE OF NIGHT. By Peter Traill. 7s. 6d ROBERT HALE.—HUNTING BEASTS AND MEN. By P. H. Comb. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. LIFE BEGINS EARLY. By Ianthe Jerrold. 7s. 6d. LA CAPITANA. By Luis Olveaga. 7s. 6d. HARRAP.—ELIZABETH FRY. By Janet Whitney. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—THE HOUSE BY THE SEA. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 7s. 6d. SIX DAYS' GRACE. By W. R. Burnett. 7s. 6d. STRANGE HOUSES. By Cora Jarrett. 7s. 6d. CLIFFORD OF THE CABAL. By Cyril Hughes Hartmann. Illustrated. 18s. 6d. MURDER OF A MATRIARCH. By Hugh Austin. 7s. 6d. SON OF HAN. By Richard la Pierre. 7s. 6d HODDER & STOUGHTON.—THE KING'S ENGLAND: London. By Arthur Mee. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. HURST & BLACKETT.—THE LAST ADVENTURERS: The Story of the Lives of Trawlermen from Hull and Grimsby who sail their small Craft far into Northern Latitudes in the Eternal Quest for Fish. By Jerome Willis. Illustrated. 15s. BELGRADE SLANT. By John D. E. Evans. 5s. THE NEXT WORLD WAR. By Lieut.-Comdr. Tota Ishimaru. Illustrated. 15s. HUTCHINSON.—FORTY THOUSAND AGAINST THE ARCTIC: Russia's Polar Empire. By H. P. Smolka. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. THREE COMRADES. By Erich Maria Remarque. 8s. 6d. JOHN LONG.—HOW DARE YOU, SIR! By Noel Godber. 7s. 6d. LONGMANS.—STILL LIGHTER ESSAYS. Selected and Edited by A. J. Merson. 2s. 6d. SHORT STORIES BY MODERN WRITERS. Edited by R. W. Jepson. 2s. 6d. MACMILLAN.—HISTORY OF THE ARABS. By Phillip K. Hitti. Illustrated. 31s. 6d. MELROSE.—KING EDWARDS OF ENGLAND. By Elizabeth Villiers. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. METHUEN.—THE LOST ONE. A Biography of Mary (Perdita) Robinson. By Marguerite Steen. 12s. 6d. THE MASTER COMES HOME. By Eveline Amstutz. 7s. 6d. MORTIBOY'S.—CROSSED IN LOVE. By a Physician. 1s. 6d. JOHN MURRAY.—THE HOME OF THE HOLLANDS 1605-1820. By the Earl of Ilchester. Illustrations. 18s.



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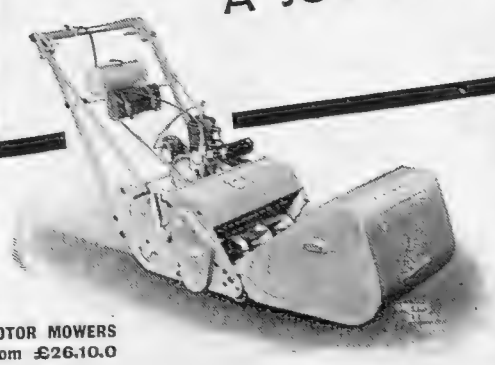

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LONDON A CITY OF TRAFFIC JAMS

Traffic Congestion caused by the Coronation and the Bus Strike

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

FROM a traffic point of view Coronation time in London must have given the authorities much food for thought. The bus strike removed thousands of large passenger-carrying vehicles from the streets and most private motorists thought that in consequence they would be able to move freely along the thoroughfares in the West End. Apparently this thought must have occurred to thousands of motorists who immediately proceeded to use their own private cars for transport to and from the office and probably for shopping, making calls, etc. The net result was the worst jam in traffic ever seen in London. The inconvenience thus caused was most regrettable but if it has awakened the authorities from their apparent repose of doing nothing we will gladly forget our inconvenience.

The traffic during Coronation week was undoubtedly exceptional but the abnormal of to-day will be the normal of five years' time. What are the authorities going to do about it? Personally, I cannot see how the streets can be widened adequately in the time available and if everyone is allowed to carry on as at present, in five years' time it will always be much quicker to walk than to go by car in either the West End or the City.

The suggestion has been thrown out that before long the Minister of Transport will ban all private cars from using the streets within a certain radius of Charing Cross. Our technical papers raise their arms in protest against such a suggestion. True, it would be interference with our liberty but to me it seems the only solution, and I cannot honestly see any great hardship in it. Even now, wise motorists leave their cars in the suburbs and continue their journey by Underground or bus. To me, that is the only sensible way of using a car to get to and from London. I, for one, will not regret any action that the Minister of Transport may take in relieving traffic congestion by preventing the unnecessary use of traffic-congested streets by private motor cars.

TWO POPULAR STANDARDS: The Flying Standard Fourteen seen on the left is the ideal saloon for the family motorist. The equipment includes folding tables behind the front seat and footrests for the rear passengers. The saloon on the right is the Flying Standard Ten, predicted to become one of the season's best-sellers

LAST year I had a very pleasant week-end on a Hillman Hawk saloon. The other week one of the latest models was placed at my disposal and I can say that good as the 1936 model was the latest edition is even better. The Hawk engine is a 6-cylinder unit having a Treasury rating of 20.9-h.p. The cubic capacity of the cylinders is just over 3 litres. This engine is particularly smooth and gentlemanly but with these points of refinement there is no sluggishness; on the contrary, the driver feels he has a veritable power-house under the bonnet. Not only will the car travel at speeds well in excess of 70 m.p.h., but the acceleration is such that very few cars on the road can get ahead when the red eventually turns to green.

As I have so often said, a powerful engine without adequate brakes is completely lost, but the braking system on this Hillman never allows the driver to have an anxious moment and so the full power of the engine can be used at will.

Again, from the driver's point of view the seating position is all that could be desired. The controls are nicely placed and easy to operate. The visibility from the driver's seat is more than usually good and even on bumpy roads the car appears to float over the uneven surface. The Hawk saloon is a commodious car and, although I did not have an opportunity of filling up all the available seats, I could see by observation that every one of the complement of passengers would be really comfortable.

Transatlantic car manufacturers endeavour to instil into the mind of the British motorist that it is only with their products that the British motorist can obtain a powerful, smooth-running car at a moderate price. Unfortunately, the propaganda which has spread this impression has been persistent and many British motorists hold that belief. My advice is to try a Hillman Hawk and then this impression will disappear like an early morning mist. To ride in a Hillman Hawk and to look at it anyone might be excused in thinking that it cost £700. In actual fact the normal price is under £300 and a de luxe edition can be obtained for £320.

THIS year with new road-racing circuits at Brooklands and the Crystal Palace Londoners and those living in the Home Counties will be able to see road racing at their doorstep. The course at Donington near Derby has been in operation for a few years now and its success has been sure and steady. Road racing is not a new sport, in fact it is as old as the motor car itself.

The earliest form of activity in the automobile competition world was road racing which, in the early days, usually took the form of a race between one big town and another. Obviously, these events were not held in this country but on the Continent. It is a little difficult to affirm that road racing has been, is, and always will be banned on English public roads because the English public are not wildly enthusiastic over this form of sport. Some people might say that they are not enthusiastic simply because they have not been given the opportunity to see motor car racing over public roads. On the Continent the public certainly enjoy and follow the sport in the same way that English

(Continued on page 452)

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(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

T[illegible]ford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
[illegible]ingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Y[illegible]ord-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
S[illegible]n-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

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Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
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Grasmere.—Prince of Wales Lake Hotel. Tel. 4
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Ambassadors Hotel. W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
De Vere Hotel. W.8. West 0051.
Southdown Hall Hotel. The Downs. Wimbledon.

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Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—Birnham Hotel. Tennis. Tel. 24.
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Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
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Oban.—Marine Hotel.
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Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.
Strathpeffer.—Highland Hotel.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel. (LMS-NCC.)
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC.)
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

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Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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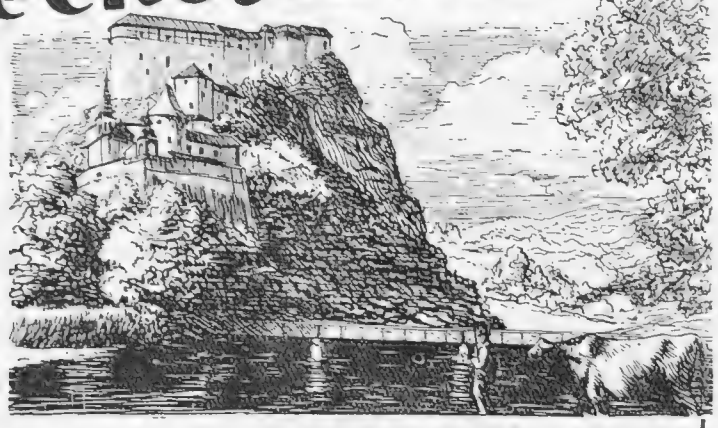

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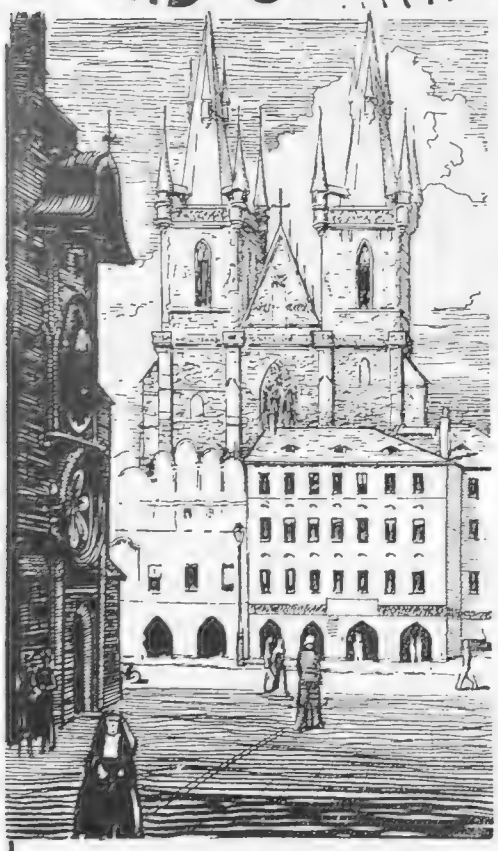

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SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Notes from Near and Far

The Emerald Isle in Spring-time: Vichy's May-time Charms: The Arezzo Joust

SOUTHERN IRELAND.—With the tardy arrival of a reluctant spring one's thoughts begin to turn towards our own and neighbouring countrysides. Nowhere is the yearly pageant seen to better advantage than in Southern Ireland. Famed for its soft colours, the green Island is loveliest in spring when the gentians are out on the lough-banks of Connemara. Now the fisherman is looking to his tackle in preparation for "dapping" and for struggles with the monster trout of those waters, who condescend to forsake the depths only twice a year; when the may-fly is up, and later when the daddy-long-legs are abundant. In comparison with that of English roads traffic is light in Ireland, and it is a pleasant relief to the motorist to drive over her uncrowded roads. Ireland is easily reached from all parts of the country, either via Holyhead in North Wales, Fishguard in Pembrokeshire, or Liverpool. Rail connections are provided from the principal centres in Great Britain.

Medieval Pageantry.—A splendidly got-up account of the "Joust of the Saracen" at Arezzo in Tuscany has reached us from the Italian State Railways. Here, as in many towns in Italy, the citizens commemorate a duel which took place centuries ago. The "joust" is staged twice yearly, on June 13 and August 7. The *mise-en-scène* is the sixteenth-century Piazza Grande; and, with the caparisoned horses, knights, heralds, and pages, the spectator might well believe himself back in the Middle Ages. The "Saracen" is a wooden figure set on a pedestal: he holds a flail loaded with heavy weights in his outstretched hand. Knights who fail to make a good point on his shield are duly chastised for their poor aim. It is certainly a colourful scene, and the halberdiers with their shields, pumpkin-shaped headdresses, and striped trunks add a further note of reality to this pageant.

A Useful Publication.—The Dorland Personal Travel Service Office of 14/16, Regent Street, S.W.1, may fairly claim to justify the second word of its title if the increasingly large number of people who are seeking its advice is a criterion of the satisfaction of a need. As in most things, but more than usually so in travel, the personal element is highly important. Realising this, Dorlands make a particular study of the individual needs of their clients. Their latest publication is a very comprehensive guide to all the cruises which are taking place this spring and summer. This is an extremely useful publication, and can be had free on application to the above address.

Coronation Visitors to Vichy.—This year Vichy's season started earlier than it has probably ever done, and this is attributable to the large number of Coronation visitors from overseas anxious to get into shape before the exceptionally heavy London season ahead of them. Bookings for dates later in the summer are correspondingly heavy, and again British names figure heavily on the list. One is led to suppose that such are providing for a period of recuperation after they have had their fill of festivities. Vichy is particularly lovely in May when the Parc des Sources is glorious with the candelabra of the chestnut-trees and the flower-beds gay with tulips. This year it would seem advisable to book early to be certain of accommodation.

BEAUTY KNEE-DEEP: Picking spring flowers in the Italian Alps, with Bergell Mountain—where the last snows are still lingering—dominating the far distance

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Switzerland.—We think Beatenburg near Interlaken and above Lake Thun would suit your requirements and would offer some amusements for your family. Arosa, Weggis, and Flims are also delightful places for a holiday and you would like Vitznau in August. At any of these places you would get good walking. Any travel agency will arrange for your travel and accommodation and we enclose some literature for your further information and to assist you in making your choice.

Czechoslovakia.—We think you are very wise in deciding to spend your holidays in Czechoslovakia this summer. German and French are understood in the towns, but you might not always find someone to understand you in the country. The Czech language is, however, somewhat difficult; though we do not think you will find it hard to pick up sufficient, if you study the Berlitz method, fairly quickly. Or there used to be a Marlborough word book, and if this is not out of print, it might help you.

Iceland.—These three booklets on Iceland, we think, will answer the questions in your letter. If you will get in touch with us again on your arrival in England, we shall be pleased to give you any further information you may require. July and August are probably the best months, when you may expect a fair percentage of good weather on this delightful island. Where there are no hotels it is almost invariably possible to arrange to stay at one of the farms which, though naturally very simple, are none the less clean and offer good food.

Dieppe.—With reference to the two hotels in Dieppe you mention, we would recommend the Grand Hotel where you can be sure of good cuisine. As you will see from the enclosed brochure, this is a de-luxe establishment, whilst the Normandie is second class. The Grand Hotel is situated in the Boulevard de Verdun on the Plage, but the Normandie is in the main street of the Plage. The en pension price at the Grand Hotel would probably be about 60 francs per person per day: the rate at the Normandie is from 35 francs to 50 francs per person per day. The opening of the Paris Exhibition has unfortunately for a variety of reasons been delayed, and the Family Hotel, 2, rue de la Peronse, Paris, can still be recommended.

WHAT TO SEE IN ATHENS: *Left*—The stone on the Areopagus Hill from which it is believed St. Paul delivered his famous speech to the citizens, beginning: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are somewhat religious." *Right*—The monument built in A.D. 114–116, in memory of Philopaphos (grandson of Antiochus IV Epiphanes), an Athenian philanthropist

EXCAVATIONS AT OSTIA, the ancient port of Rome, recently revealed this tomb of the Augustan period with its fresco showing a lion consuming a bull's head

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In Quest of

The Ailesbury Arms Hotel, Welcome to Coronation

OLD Marlburians who read this copy of THE SPHERE in some far-flung corner of the Empire, in the leisured comfort of their club armchair, or perhaps at the hairdressers, may have rather a shock when I say that the Ailesbury Arms Hotel, Marlborough, is one of the best run hotels in the country.

For Marlborough, for many years, was notoriously badly off for comfortable hotels. Speech days came and went. The annual cricket tussles with other public schools, half terms and other occasions, brought their influx of parents and O.Ms. who had just to grin and bear the discomforts of the accommodation then available.

But some two years ago a transformation began to take shape. A number of Old Marlburians, well known in their respective business circles, weary of the discomforts they had to put up with, turned themselves into a company, purchased the old Ailesbury Arms, proceeded to remove as speedily as possible the iron bedsteads, aspidistras, antimacassars, and other relics of the so-called "good old days"; called in the best brains they could find to redecorate, redesign, and re-equip until they ultimately presented to Marlburians, and all who travel along the Bath Road, an hotel which is a classic example of what can be done in bringing an old coaching house up to date to conform with modern standards of comfort.

The exterior gives little hint of the interior, for the facings and courtyard remain much as they were, except for the fact that the paint brush has been liberally used; but step inside through the draught proof revolving doors (do you remember how it can blow in the High Street?), and I'll promise you will not recognise the old house.

On the right a cocktail lounge. If you know Heaton Tabb's work you will recognise the master hand. There's dignity and a sociability about it which attracts the best of the locals, the old school, and the passing motorist who has soon discovered that even if there are no horses to change to-day, there is wisdom in forsaking for a time the driving seat for a stool at the bar.

On the other side of the comfortable entrance lounge where you will find this week's *Tatler*, THE SPHERE (I hope!), and other up-to-date periodicals, is the dining-room. A long room again furnished in up-to-date methods, but for the life of me I cannot recall the style of decoration or the colour scheme, for I was far too intrigued with the dinner menu, or rather in devouring its contents. The whole dinner was beautifully cooked, excellently served—in fact excellent value for money.

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

A good address—

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

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delightfully perched on the water's edge and very comfortable. Own private pier. Craft of all kinds for hire.

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Marlborough, Extends a Pilgrims from Overseas

But what impressed me particularly were the bedrooms upstairs. They have been designed for the maximum amount of comfort, coupled with simplicity. When I first went into my room it seemed to me rather dark, but then I observed that the lights had been placed not just for effect but exactly where they were most wanted. A light over the shaving mirror; no excuse for cuts and gashes. A light over the dressing-table; ladies, you can transform yourselves to your complete satisfaction. A light by the bedside; yes, you can reach it in the dark without ringing the bell.

There were built-in cupboards—coat-hangers galore. Not just hot and cold water laid on, but plenty of hot water at any time of the day or night. The bathrooms were a real joy to unrobe in, whilst for the luxurious there are available several bedrooms with private bathroom *en suite*.

Many thousands have been expended by this syndicate of Old Marlburians in bringing the Ailesbury Arms to a degree of excellence which is far beyond the average standard. I feel sure that as time goes on they will be well repaid for their enterprise.

Marlborough is far more than the address of one of our famous public schools. It is the centre of ancient England. It is well worth staying in this picturesque medieval town on this score alone. Seven miles away is Avebury with its celebrated stone circle whence started all the prehistoric green-roads of England; and Silbury Hill, the largest prehistoric mound in Europe. Nearby is the Savernake Forest, the largest primeval forest surviving in England with the famous four-mile Grand Avenue of stately beeches. Twenty miles in opposite directions lie Stonehenge and King Alfred's White Horse, which with Avebury are perhaps the most famous relics of the land of our forefathers.

In writing about the Ailesbury Arms at this particular time, I am hopeful it may catch the eye of many of our visitors from overseas, who are contemplating where to go after the Coronation. Here at Marlborough they can combine the pleasure of seeing relics of a bygone age, and of staying at a famous old coaching Inn, completely modernised and as comforting and welcoming to-day as any in England.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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are to be found two-a-penny all over Cornwall with a draught of Cornish cream to settle them. But bedrooms with a view of the Atlantic, golf, bathing, tennis—in fact the perfect summer holiday—are to be found *par excellence* at the Headland Hotel—the natural headquarters for touring Cornwall. Every room with a sea-view. Golf. Tennis. Surfing. Dancing. Write to S. Polglaze for "Have You Ever?" or the Headland in Pictures. 'Phone: Newquay 511 (3 lines).

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Men who decide what's what in the field, in the ring, on the course and on the pitch—and, of course, their wives who decide what's what elsewhere—these are some of the people on our visitors' book. For the Prince acts as a magnet on all that is best in sporting and social circles in the district. Come and join them for a few weeks at the

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the congregating point of Who's Who in the North. Good food, comfort and courtesy of course. Dancing every Saturday night.
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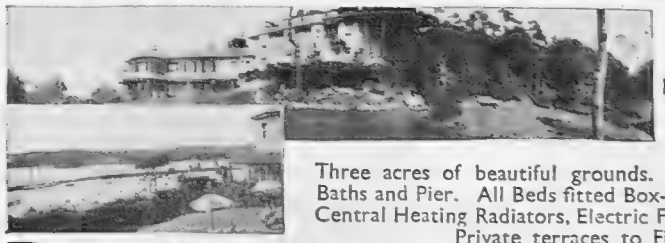
THE GARDEN HOTEL Lincombe Hall OF TORQUAY

THE HOTEL WITH THE "GRAND-STAND" POSITION . . . overlooking Torbay



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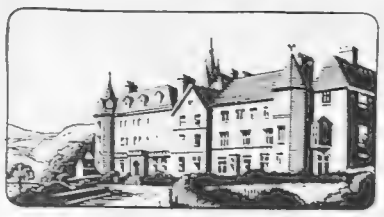

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"YARMOUTH JETTY" BY JOHN CROME, the founder of the Norwich School who, through his undoubted share with John Constable in the furtherance of the traditions of painting in the early nineteenth century is represented by this picture in the John Constable Centenary Memorial Exhibition which is now being held at Wildenstein's Galleries, 147, New Bond St. The main purpose of the Exhibition is to demonstrate Constable's place in the history of art, and thus it is that a number of important works by his predecessors, contemporaries, and successors are included in the display

Lent by P. M. Turner

A PRELIMINARY STUDY IN PEN AND WASH for the picture, "The Lock" exhibited by Constable at the Royal Academy in 1824. At this time the artist had reached the full maturity of his style and, as one writer has so succinctly put it, "He had fenced his road to achievement by the understanding of the absurdity of imitation on one side, and of the flamboyant results of an attempt to do something beyond truth on the other"

Lent by Sir Hickman Bacon, Bart.

"HEATH SCENE" BY JACOB VAN RUYSDAEL (1628-1682): The early work of Constable found not a little inspiration in the art of this Dutch painter of the seventeenth century who, over and above all else, was a realist strongly imbued with romanticism. This is only one of a host of interesting canvases in an Exhibition which not only makes its appeal to the lover of art pure and simple, but to the student of its trends

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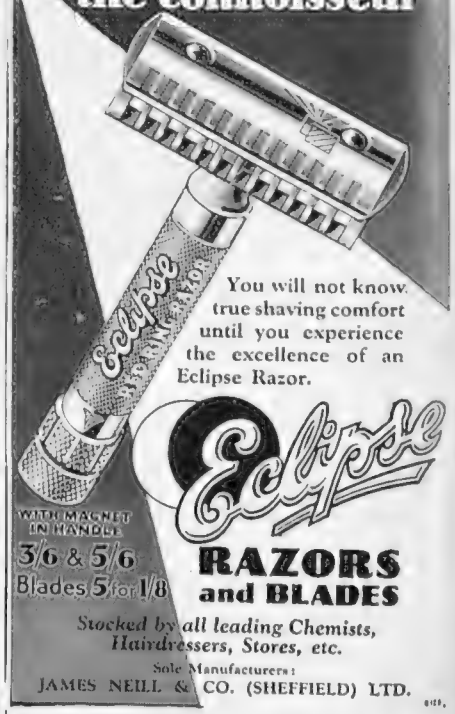

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85 rooms and suites. Private Bathrooms. Cooking and service of a high degree of excellence. Before deciding on your holiday, write S. P. HANCOCK, Director, for tariff-booklet, entitled "*And Here is Peace.*" Telephone : Tunbridge Wells 1911.

SCOTLAND

ALWAYS A WELCOME AT
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ONICH
NORTH BALLACHULISH
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On the main Glasgow-Inverness Road, by the shores of Loch Linnhe. The hotel stands in own grounds of 4½ acres with its own garden produce. H. and C. water in all bedrooms. Fishing for those who desire it.
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100 Bedrooms. Hot and Cold Running Water.
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characterises this first-class hotel, in its appointments, its service, and its ambition to meet the requirements of each individual visitor . . . be it for "cure" or holiday.
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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS: *Answers to Correspondents*

G. R. F. (Winchester) asks for names of any good hotels of moderate size and with moderate charges in the Lake District. I can particularly recommend Storrs Hall Hotel, just outside Bowness on the shore of Lake Windermere. I have also had good reports of the Wild Boar Hotel, also near Bowness, and Langdale Chase Hotel on the other side of Lake Windermere. These and others I hope to visit when I tour the Lake District in June.

E. P. K. (Northampton). You will like the Quantock Hills, and if you stay at the Dragon House, Washford, on the Minehead–Bridgwater road, you will be extremely comfortable. Everything there is in very good taste, and whoever bought the beds there is a connoisseur in bedding.

P. P. (Pall Mall) is interested in small hotels and inns, and would like to know of some in the Sevenoaks (Kent) district. Here are three smallish places I can recommend: the Amhurst Arms, Riverhead, outside Sevenoaks; the Leicester Arms, Penshurst; the Sceptre Hotel, Southborough, outside Tunbridge Wells, and a delightful guest house—the Town House at Ightham.

H. S. (Kensington) bemoans the fact that unless he goes to a de luxe hotel at Torquay, he cannot hope to get a really good bedroom with private bathroom attached at a reasonable price. H. S. evidently has not discovered Lincombe Hall, which is often described as "The Garden Hotel of Torquay." On a recent visit there I had a veritable suite de luxe. It consisted of a large recess for luggage, a delightful bathroom with modern fitments, and a large double room which was as much a sitting-room as a bedroom, with a delightful outlook over Torbay. But the finishing touch was to sleep for the first time on a "Dunlopillo" mattress fixed on top of a "Buoyant" spring mattress. H. S. will, I prophesy, have a pleasant surprise if he goes to Lincombe Hall.

E. P. N. (Yeovil) wants a good golfing headquarters in Scotland near North Berwick. He makes no mention of his handicap, but a place and a hotel which appeals to "Tigers" and "Rabbits" alike is the Marine Hotel at Gullane, about five miles from North Berwick. There are three courses at Gullane itself and six more within a compass of five miles. Quite sufficient to satisfy any golfing appetite.

SCOTLAND—*continued.*

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For a restful and magnificent Holiday. Situated amongst Scotland's finest Scenery.
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Leading and Best.
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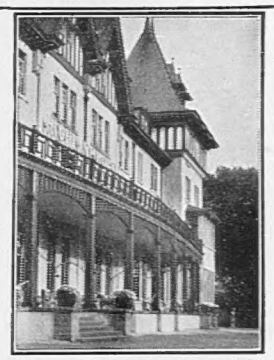

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Superb views from the terrace and the bedrooms. Cuisine and cellar . . . . such as you would expect.
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Golf—on one of the finest inland 18-hole courses in the country. 46-acre grounds with 9 tennis courts, short golf course, swimming pool, two putting courses . . . and beautiful gardens. Fully Illustrated Brochure with pleasure
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WHAT! Never heard of Gullane? (pronounced Gillan in Scotland, please) and the Marine Hotel. Here is *the* Golfer's Paradise. Four first-class courses including Muirfield practically at the front door, and five more within five miles. And as for walks, bathing and motoring you would be the first to say "What! Never heard of Gullane?" once you'd spent a holiday at
THE MARINE HOTEL, GULLANE
EAST LOTHIAN - SCOTLAND
Write to H. Crichton for Booklet or 'phone: Gullane 106

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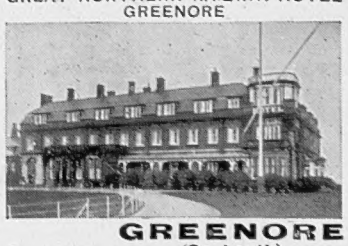

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GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY HOTELS
LEADING AND BEST

OUR NAVAL CORONATION VISITORS

(Continued from page 426)

four three-gun turrets on the upper deck level. The turrets are evenly spaced along the length of the ship. Her secondary armament of sixteen 4.7-in. guns is mounted in casemates in the ship's side below the upper deck. Some at least of these guns would prove unworkable in a heavy sea.

Another ship with a history which was present at Spithead was the Greek cruiser, *G. Averoff*, which played such an important part in the Cretan revolt led by M. Venizelos.

The Argentine also sent a battleship, the *Moreno*. She has a tonnage of 30,000 and a main armament of twelve 12-in. guns. She was the only ship at Spithead with the American type of lattice-work foremast, and is curious in that she was built in New York, has British machinery, German armour, and American guns.

The other foreign vessels which took part in the Coronation Naval Review were :—

The brand new Estonian submarine *Kalev*, recently completed in this country. The small cruiser, *Cuba*, from the Cuban Navy. The Portuguese sloop, *Bartolomeu Dias*. Turkey was represented by the destroyer *Kocatepe*, and not by the ex-*Goeben* as was at first thought. Denmark sent the coast defence cruiser, *Niels Juel*, the most powerful and newest large vessel in the Danish Navy. Rumania sent the destroyer *Regina Maria*. Sweden sent the small battleship *Drothing Victoria*. Finland was represented by the *Vainamoinen*, a new coast defence ship, mounting four 10-in. guns. Poland sent the destroyer *Burza*. The Netherlands sent the cruiser *Java*.

K. E.

THE BATTLE OF THE BIG GUNS

(Continued from page 426)

There is also a big difference in weight, and weight is of immense importance in warship design when the total tonnage is limited. The weight of a 16-in. gun, without the breech mechanism, is rather more than 103 tons and although the 14-in. gun has not yet been built for the Service, and details are naturally lacking, it is expected that its weight will be somewhere between 80 and 85 tons.

The increased weight of the gun itself is actually the smallest point ; the mountings have to be very much heavier, far beyond the proportionate increase in calibre, and generally much more expensive. The stowage of ammunition is another point, for the ship's allowance of 16-in. shells occupies very much more space than a similar number of 14-in., again out of all proportion, and the magazines, ammunition passages, hoists, and everything else connected with the guns have to be protected with weight which mounts in an alarming fashion.

CONTINUATIONS

Finally there is the old argument that the smaller number of bigger guns means putting more eggs into one basket with the risk of disablement—a very big risk in a ship like the *Nelson* where the whole of the main armament is grouped into a small space—and altogether there are many arguments in favour of the smaller gun. But it must always be remembered that when the bigger piece does hit its mark it does infinitely more damage and the designer of to-day always has to consider the chance of the artillerist of to-morrow improving his methods so that he greatly increases the chance of hitting.

F. C. B.

LONDON A CITY OF TRAFFIC JAMS

(Continued from page 444)

crowds enjoy horse racing. Whether we, in this country, will ever alter our views en masse or not remains to be seen.

With these new road circuits, plus Donington, the public will be given an opportunity and we can only wait and see the result. Judging by reports from other parts of the British Isles, there are distinct possibilities that other road circuits will be built. Many people have thought that an old-established centre of sport like Brooklands would be nervous because other motor racing centres were springing into existence. I can definitely state that Brooklands is not apprehensive but on the contrary welcomes the birth of these other racing circuits, and holds the opinion that the more there are the greater are the chances of motor car racing gripping the public.

There is just one fear which worries me and that is the question of dates. Saturdays and Bank Holidays are the only possible days on which motor car racing can be staged if the public are expected to come and watch in their thousands. Without the public motor racing could not carry on. There is, therefore, a limit to the number of days available, and the more race courses there are the greater the difficulty in satisfying their proprietors on this question of dates.

Obviously if the number of venues increases the number of meetings at each will have to be diminished, but this need not affect the promoters adversely. We have an excellent example in America, where Indianapolis manages to thrive on one meeting per year. To copy this example would, I think, be bringing curtailment to an unnecessary limit, but it merely shows that promoters need not fear reducing the number of their events because, on the contrary, I think it would prove beneficial from a financial point of view. Up to now such curtailment was not possible, primarily due to the fact that competitors must have a sufficient number of races in which to compete in order to make it worth their while owning and running racing cars.

At the annual general meeting of the Ford Motor Co., Ltd., held at Dagenham on Wednesday, May 5, Sir Percival Perry, K.B.E., in his chairman's speech drew an interesting comparison of the progress made during the last three years by the British motor industry with that of the country generally. New car registrations had increased by 31 per cent. from 1934 to 1936. The average increase in general business activity throughout the country during the same period was 9·4 per cent.

An outstanding point was that retail prices of motor cars had decreased, in contrast with the general price level of manufactured articles, which had increased by 3·5 per cent. As an indication of the large share taken by the Ford organisation in this expansion it was stated that the average number of employees at Dagenham had risen from 6,780 in 1934 to 11,567 in 1936. New buildings now in course of erection would provide 29 acres of machine and assembly shops under one roof, while foundry facilities would be more than doubled. A new steel rolling mill and spring department had been completed and was now at work.

Sunday, September 12, has been fixed as the date of this year's Morris car rally to Lilleshall Hall. Last year over 2,000 motorists attended the rally, and the large majority took part in the various events.

The 1937–38 *A.A. Irish Handbook*, which has been completely revised, is now in the hands of all members living in Ireland. It contains a great deal of useful information for resident and visiting motorists. Details are given of inspected hotels and garages in the Irish Free State and Northern Ireland, and shipping charges to and from Great Britain are shown, together with particulars of steamship routes and times of sailing. Members visiting Ireland may obtain the handbook without charge on application to any A.A. office.

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This Society's Home for Girls at Esher Place, Esher, are gratified to learn that one of their girls has recently won the Bishop of Guildford's prize for Scripture Knowledge, hers being the best paper in the Diocese. This speaks for itself of the training the girls receive in the Home. More subscribers are needed to carry on this work. Your subscription will be thankfully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

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Hotel Erzherzog Johann of historic fame, sit. on the **Semmering Pass** & cen. of sports. Mod. cmfts. Pens. 10s. up. Same man. as G. Panhans.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front near Casino. Free conveyance to links.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Hotel du Cap d'Antibes.—Pavillon Eden Roc. Winter and Summer Residence.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus serv. with M. Carlo & Menton. Tns., swm. pl. 15 acs. p. pk., incl. fm. 70 frs. with bth. fm. 85 frs.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rooms, 280 bathrooms. Entirely renovated 1934. Incl. fm. 65 frs. With bath fm. 80 frs. Open all year.

Monte Carlo.—The Monte Carlo Palace.—1st class, up-to-date, facing Casino, sea view, open all year. Incl. fm. 50 frs., with bath fm. 65 frs.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known first-class family hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden.—Brenner's Park Hotel.—Family Hotel de Luxe, facing river next Casino, Theatre, Sporting Grounds. Pension fr. 14 M.

Baden-Baden.—Brenner's Stephanie Hotel.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 4. Pension fr. RM. 10.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite park.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old estab., comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional position by park, 20 yards from Baths.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark, 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—First-class family hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kurpark oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex cuisine, special diets. Pension from RM. 10.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM.10.50.

Cologne. — Excelsior Hotel Ernst. — The leading hotel of Cologne. Opposite the cathedral.

Cologne.—Hotel Comœdienhof.—Nr. Stn. & Cathl. New wg. Dec.'36. Rms. fr. RM.4, lav. & toil. fr. RM.6, pr. bath fr. RM.8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Cologne.—Hotel Fürstenhof am Dom.—Up-to-date, renovated in 1937. Connected with Restaurant and Café. Director, Otto Holl.

Cologne.—Hotel Monopo-Metropol.—The modern home for travellers. First-class Restaurant.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dresden.—Hotel Schiller.—The latest, first-class hotel. World-renowned, distinguished family home. Near station.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Düsseldorf.—Bahnhof Hotel.—The first-class hotel facing the station. 120 bedrooms, 20 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants.

Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R fr. 5.50, 50 baths fr. 9.

Frankfurt-am-Main. — Hotel Excelsior. — Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM. 4.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grillroom. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

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Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Restaurant Hundseck.—(2952 ft.) Sit. on the Black Forest. 160 beds. All mod. comf. Pen. fr. RM 7–9.

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Munich.—Hotel Grunewald.—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich. — Park Hotel. — Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 11.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (4 seasons).—Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. the Kurhaus, Opera & Parks. Pens. fr. RM. 12.

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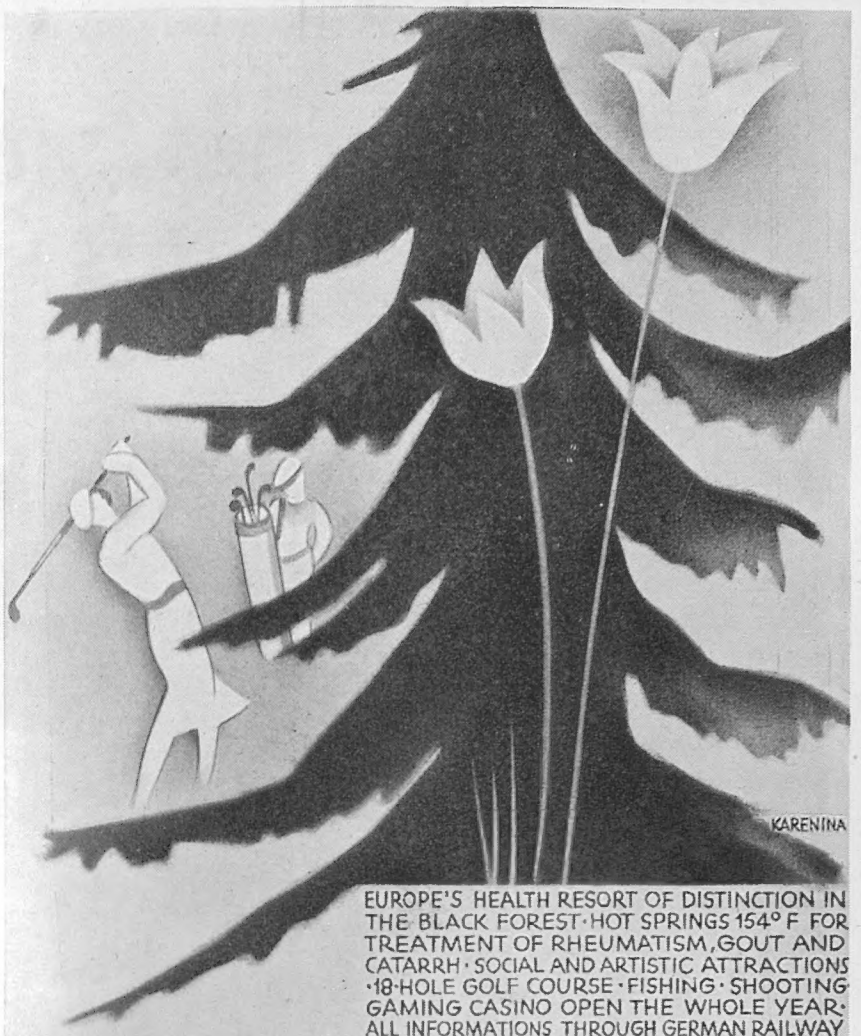

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